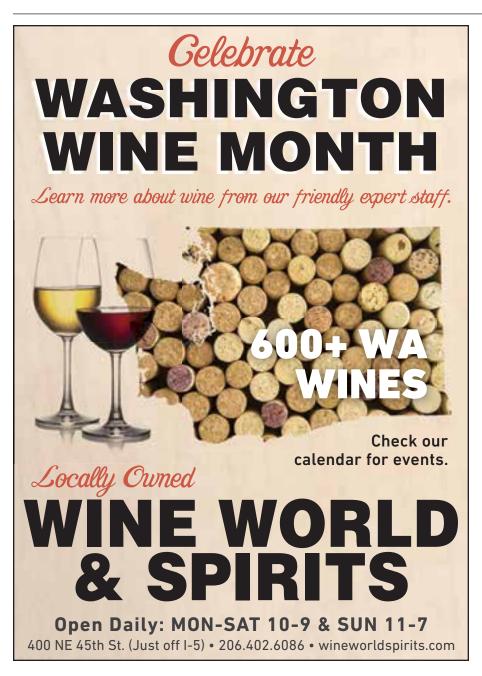


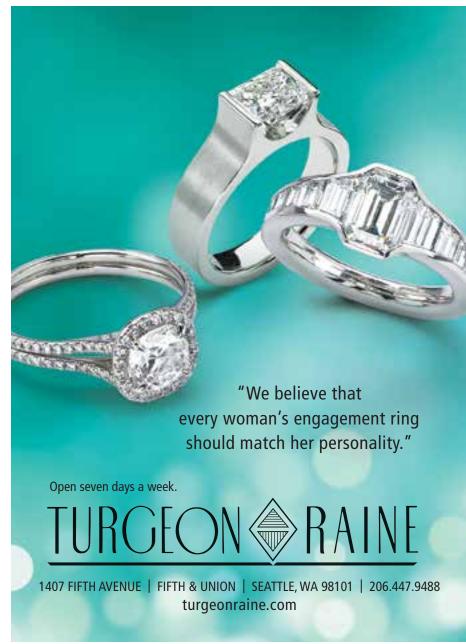


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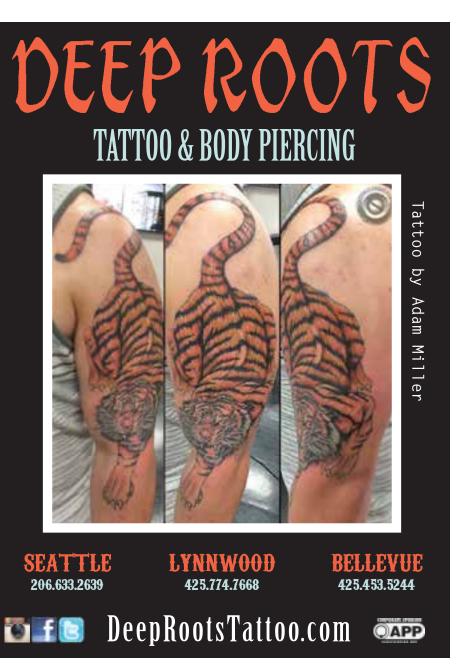
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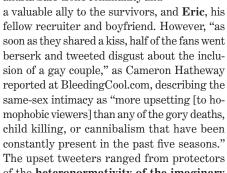
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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23 This week of internet freedom, Seattle treasures, and the fight for the right to suck blood from babies' wangs kicked off in the world of broadcast television. Our subject: The Walking Dead, AMC's hit drama about the zombie apocalypse, which for five seasons has delighted fans and

outraged detractors with its ambitious gore and hardcore violence, from graphic cannibalism to dozens upon dozens of imaginatively grisly killings. Last night brought the latest episode, which introduced two new characters: Aaron, a recruiter for the Alexandria Safe-Zone community and





WELCOME, GAYS!

a valuable ally to the survivors, and Eric, his fellow recruiter and boyfriend. However, "as soon as they shared a kiss, half of the fans went reported at BleedingCool.com, describing the

child killing, or cannibalism that have been constantly present in the past five seasons.' The upset tweeters ranged from protectors of the heteronormativity of the imaginary

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation nember to change the names of the innocent and guilty.



BETTER CHANGE YOUR PASSWORD

Dear Ex-Boyfriend: When you broke up with me and cut off all communication. I was destroyed. I tried to do anything I could to feel close to you, which included hacking into your email and social-media pages (with your passwords I sneakily obtained when we were together). I dried my tears poring over your messages, e-mails, and chat conversations, wishing I could still be involved in your life. A lot of time has gone by, and I have realized your shortcomings as a paramour. I have moved on and am now happily married. I still check up on your e-mail and social media from time to time, but now for a different reason: schadenfreude. It is clear that you are still the same person (read: unsuccessful try-hard) you were back then, and that comforts me in a way. Even though I was devastated when I lost you, I realize I have come a long way in the department of selfrespect and am much, much better off where I am now. So keep up the entertaining e-mails, messages, and chat conversations. I'll be reading

-Anonymous

zombie apocalypse ("I don't like that the walking dead got faggot shit on here now. Is Nothing Sacred !???") to concerned parents who don't want their wholesome family gorefest degraded with same-sex affection ("i have been watching the walking dead for years with my kids, then with no warning u throw gays in

there, I'm disappointed"). Rather than get huffy over the outbursts of dumb and proud homophobes, Last Days will instead focus on the words of smart and proud Shonda Rhimes, the blockbuster television creator/producer who eloquently shut down complaints about the "gay scenes" in her

shows Scandal and How to Get Away with Murder last fall: "There are no GAY scenes," tweeted Rhimes to an antigay griper. "There are scenes with people in them. If u use the phrase 'gay scenes,' u are not only LATE to the party but also NOT INVITED to the party." (Now that's a spicy ally!) Thank you, Shonda Rhimes, and good luck fighting the zombie apocalypse, Walking Dead gays.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24 Speaking of hot-button social issues, today brought a remarkable tale of protecting religious liberty, a phrase that lately has evoked images of "Christian" bakers being forced to sell cakes to people the Bible allegedly doesn't like, but which today applies to the religious right of adult men to suck babies' bloody penises. Details come from the Associated Press, which identified the mildly embattled practice as "oral suction circumcision," an ancient Jewish ritual in which the performer of a circumcision sucks blood from the wound on the baby's penis. "Oral suction circumcisions first came under scrutiny in 2012 during Mayor Michael



THE CRUEL EST CUT (AND CREEPIEST SUCK)

ministration, which asked parents or guardians to sign consent forms indicating they understood the medical risks," reported the AP, citing such medical risks as the

Bloomberg's ad-

17 cases of infant herpes linked to the practice since 2000. However, the Orthodox community balked at this bureaucratic intrusion into their religious practice, with one prominent rabbi suggesting the infected babies contracted herpes from some other source. Despite the baby-victim-blaming, today Mayor Bill de Blasio's administration announced plans to remove all red-tape obstacles keeping rabbis from bloody baby wang. "Administration officials said they will ask the Board of Health to vote to rescind the requirement while working with a coalition of rabbinical leaders and medical experts to educate members of the ultra-Orthodox community about the possible dangers of the practice," reported the AP. "If an infant is found to have herpes after a circumcision, officials will ask a rabbinical coalition to identify the [rabbi] who performed it so his DNA can be tested. If he is found to have infected the infant, he'll be banned from performing the ritual." The moral: One culture's religious ritual is another culture's sex crime. Context is everything, we guess.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25 Nothing happened today unless you count the continued freezing of the Northeast, which today

Will Someone Please Adopt... THE ISLAMIC STATE BUNNY?

ere at The Stranger, we're terribly concerned about the rising number of homeless pets—which is why we're devoting space every week to animals considered unadoptable for ideological reasons. WILL YOU OPEN YOUR HEART AND HOME TO ONE OF SEATTLE'S UNWANTED BUNNIES?

Meet Nibbles, the Islamic State Bunny. He's an adorable, 6-month-old Netherland Dwarf rabbit, and he's a cuddly and affectionate companion! Also..

- Nibbles should not be left alone with swords, knives, machetes, hacksaws, or other sharp objects—particularly while you're sleeping.
- Nibbles would *love* a large backyard... he certainly likes to hop, hop, hop!
- Nibbles's yard will require a sturdy fence, as he can be intensely focused on hopping in the general direction of Syria.
 - Nibbles loves to sit on his hind legs while nibbling baby carrots!
 - Nibbles is best suited for a non-Christian household
 - Nibbles loves long, luxurious ear rubs...
 - ... and destroying ancient works of irreplaceable art with a sledgehammer.
- Nibbles loves napping in purses—with his little bunny bottom sticking up in the air! Nibbles!
- Nibbles has been known to use Facebook and Snapchat to encourage teenagers to join the Islamic State.
 - Nibbles will sometimes "sing" (squeak) for an extra-special treat—like a banana!
- It is not advisable for Nibbles to live in the same home as journalists, aid workers, or political cartoonists.
 - When Nibbles is curious, he'll twitch his little nose and wiggle his little ears!
- Nibbles should not be allowed access to your YouTube account. Nibbles has been known to upload some pretty messed-up stuff.
- Nibbles expresses happiness with a "bunny dance," in which he runs, leaps, and twists his body in the air.
- Nibbles may attempt to seize and take control of certain sections of your home, creating a "caliphate" and declaring himself the supreme leader of the world's 3.8 billion bunnies. He might also pee on your bed.

To adopt Nibbles, you don't have to do anything! He will contact you via Facebook or Snapchat.

brought record-breaking snowfall in Boston and amazing frozen Slurpee waves in Nantucket.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26 The week continued with some seriously good news, as the Federal Communications Commission voted three to two to preserve net neutrality. Speaking at a press conference after the vote, FCC chairman Tom Wheeler praised the Open Internet Order's power to "ban blocking, ban throttling, and ban paid-prioritization fast lanes" while ensuring "that no one-whether government or corporate—should control free open access to the internet." To celebrate, America spent the rest of the day online freaking out over two fugitive llamas and one magic-eye dress.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27 Speaking of urban wildlife and beguiling fashion, the week continued on Seattle's Beacon Hill, where tonight Last Days had the pleasure of returning to Inav's Asian Pacific Cuisine for their popular Friday-night dinner service featuring delicious home-style Filipino food and point-blank drag performance by Atasha Manila. As we wrote back in 2010, "Drag at 7 p.m. in a fully



QUEEN ATASHA

lit restaurant sounds like a recipe for disaster, but... somehow the overhead lighting, Filipino kitchen smells, and Atasha's ferociously deadpan divahood combine to create a perfect storm of hilarity." This all

holds true in 2015, with Inay's welcoming new visitors with a Caucasian-user-friendly Fridaynight menu (try the curried fish, and if you want deep Filipino delights-e.g., blood pudding—ask for the original menu). But the night

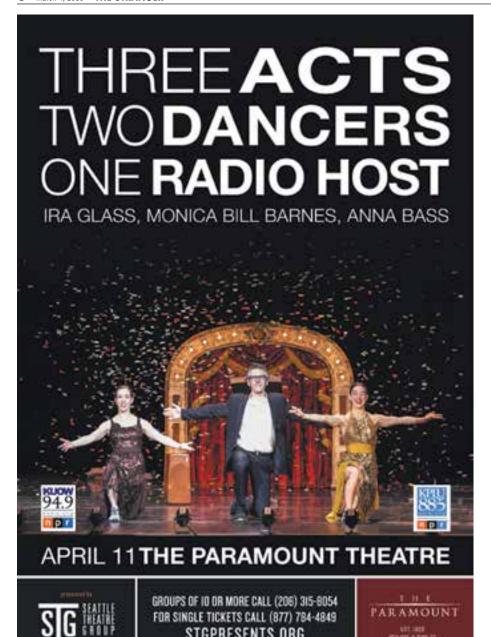
forever belongs to Atasha, who offsets all of Inay's warm, homey vibes with her beautifully unhinged drag performance. Atasha is a queen who'll interrupt a lip-synch of Frozen's "Let It Go" to scream about her burning pussy while standing in the middle of a restaurant that is literally serving fish. At tonight's show, this bit inspired a sweet fortysomething lesbian to produce a fat stack of bills to "make it rain" all over Atasha. As another of the guests—a transplant from the East Coast—put it after the whole dinner/show extravaganza, "There is nothing else like this in the world." We agree. Call ahead for reservations.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28 Nothing happened today, unless you count the second national day of mourning for the newly deceased and highly beloved Star Trek actor Leonard Nimoy.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1 Nothing happened today either, unless you count the latest episode of HBO's Looking, built around and featuring an amazing performance by (former Seattleite) Lauren Weedman, a ridiculously gifted performer who was tonight given her best showcase yet. With her rare ability to show her gears turning, and her intricate dancing all over the terrain between what's in your head and what comes out of your mouth, Weedman's seeming more and more Gena Rowlands-like, and here's hoping some up-and-coming Cassavetes smartly harnesses her full power for the next several decades.

Send hot tips to lastdays@thestranger.com $and \, follow \, me \, on \, Twitter \, @davidschmader.$

> A wholesome family gorefest at THESTRANGER.COM/SLOG

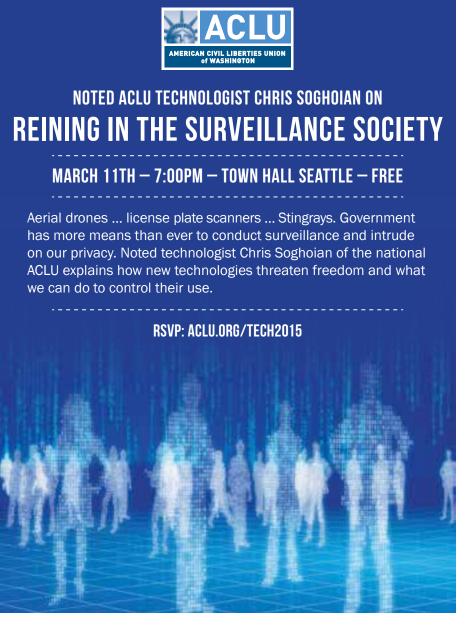


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What Happened to Bike **Activism in Seattle?**

With the Decline of Critical Mass and the Changes at Cascade Bicycle Club, It's Not Clear Who's Going to Stand Up for Cyclists

BY ANSEL HERZ

hat happened to Seattle cyclists taking over the streets to demand change? Our local Critical Mass movement appears to be all but dead. The Cascade Bicycle Club—one of the

largest municipal bike advocacy groups in the country—is considering whether to curb its political work in significant ways. This must mean we've reached cycling nirvana in Seattle, right? That we're on some Amsterdam-level bike-friendliness shit? That the Emerald City is a gleaming biketopia, where we can trust in our esteemed city officials to respect and protect the city's estimated 158,000 cyclists?

Uh. no. Of course not.

This is the fucking USA, people. The A stands for automobile. The city and state are spending \$4.2 billion on a tunnel-highwayboondoggle, while the feckless Seattle City Council systematically and deliberately underfunds our \$240 million Bicvcle Master Plan—the plan to make city streets minimally safe and usable for cyclists—by more than half, year after year.

David Giugliano (known widely in the bike community as Davey Oil) is the co-owner of a Green Lake bike shop, and he remembers when Critical Mass was in its heyday. He went to virtually every ride from 2001 to 2011, and participated so enthusiastically, he says, that he became a kind of unelected spokesperson for the events. This was the era of Bush. the Iraq War, and Seattle mayor Greg Nickels, who created the Bicycle Master Plan in 2007. "It wouldn't be surprising to see several hundred people on a ride," Davey Oil recalls. They were some of the largest rides of their kind in the country at the time.

The Stranger covered one such ride, in 2009, with photos of hundreds of cyclists mobbing onto the Alaskan Way Viaduct on a clear spring day. "Could we just turn the viaduct into an elevated bike path?" wondered The Stranger's Christopher Frizzelle, high as hell on the feeling of the mass ride. "Wouldn't that be insanely cool?'

So what happened?

Critical Mass began to go downhill, says Seattle Bike Blog writer Tom Fucoloro, "when the police wanted to shut it down, and that drew people who wanted to pick a fight with the police." In addition, in a 2008 incident that made national news, a driver allegedly assaulted some cyclists, and cyclists retaliated. Over time, Critical Mass started to feel less welcoming to riders of all stripes and ages.

Plus, Fucoloro says, "It felt a little weird going out and shutting down traffic to make a statement"—the message being that cyclists are people with rights, too—"when the entire city council and the mayor seemed to be on board with the idea [of building bicycle infrastructure]." The rise of openly pro-bike leaders like Mike McGinn, mocked by opponents as "Mayor McSchwinn" during his time in office, and city council member Mike O'Brien, who often commutes to City Hall on two wheels, signaled that bicyclists would finally get their due from city government.

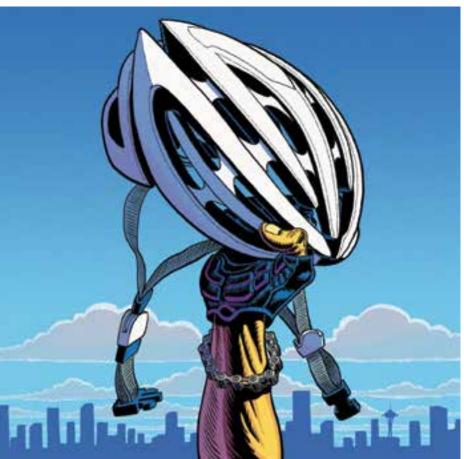
But today, McGinn is out of office and O'Brien often cuts an isolated figure.

f there was ever a moment for Seattle bicyclists not to let their guard down, this is it. With the new district-by-district election system, and with three city council incumbents already announcing they won't run again, the makeup of the council is going to change dramatically this year. Given this, it would be good for remaining incumbents and freshfaced challengers alike to feel some heat from

CBC board president Catherine Hennings says in the face of an outcry, including a petition to "Save Cascade," the board is now likely to delay a final decision until late 2015.

'I had perhaps not, until some of this dialogue got started, appreciated the power of [the CBC's electoral muscle]," Hennings says. The board heard from leaders like O'Brien that it was important to have a group that would "stand behind him."

But there are limits to what the CBC can accomplish, even if it retains its election-influencing powers. "I give a lot of credit to the establishment bicycle advocates," says Davey Oil, the former Critical Mass participant. They're "conversant in the language of politics as it's spoken," he adds. "And that's fine, but it leaves out people



their large bike-riding constituencies.

That's why so many people are upset by the news that the Cascade Bicycle Club (CBC) is considering removing the electoral hammer from its toolbox of social change, by nixing one of its political arms—specifically. the one that endorses candidates and gets involved in campaigns. The reconsideration is part of the group's weighing of whether to convert to a stand-alone charitable nonprofit, and the board had been planning to vote on the question on March 18.

The move to scale back political advocacy, some say, stems from a long-standing divide between more conservative bike club members, many of them based on the Eastside, and more progressive Seattle-centric members, who remain committed to electioneering.

who are ready to ask for more and have less to lose. We need advocates who aren't trying to manage personal relationships with city hall.'

n any case, the progress they're making at city hall is too slow—at this rate, it'll be at least a quarter century before the council funds the entire Bicycle Master Plan.

Even in their heyday, Critical Mass rides weren't strategically directed at any particular goal, Davey Oil points out, other than sending the message that cyclists matter. And even today, they're not entirely gone from the city. The ongoing Critical Lass and Kidical Mass rides, two family-friendly group rides with ridiculous, adorable names, were inspired by

the movement. Plus, if you head down to Westlake Park on the last Friday of the month—the traditional place and time for a Seattle Critical Mass start—it's possible you'll find a few riders. But it's not anything like it used to be, and it's not too late to start rebuilding the apparatus of grassroots bike activism to tackle the continuing problems with this city's streets.

Here are just four trouble spots, among many, that are worth calling attention to with a little Critical Mass-style action—action that might force a response at city hall.

1. The Ballard Bridge

The dangerous sidewalk along the bridge is in the news, thanks to brewery owner Haley Woods, who recently produced a seven-minute video showing all the ways in which the bridge is perilous for pedestrians and cyclists. (Primarily that all users are forced to share a narrow pathway, immediately next to cars whizzing past.) In 2007, the same year the city inaugurated the Bicycle Master Plan, Terry McMacken was riding along the bridge, fell, and was hit by a car. He eventually died of his injuries.

Woods says Mayor Murray watched her video and she's talked with Seattle Department of Transportation director Scott Kubly. But she's not confident that there will be any major improvements this year. In a statement, SDOT confirms it's studied ways to improve safety along the bridge, but it has no current plans to pursue them, absent "substantial additional funding."

"There are a lot of cyclists out there," says Woods. "If there was a way to gather and protest in some way, I'm sure they'd be on board with that,"

2. The Broadway Cycle Track

This may seem like a minor point, but SDOT's lackadaisical approach to fixing the blue bollards—they look like Smurf turds lining the Broadway cycle track on Capitol Hill feels like a middle finger to cyclists. Over the past six months, the agency has repeatedly set and missed its own deadlines to simply fasten down the objects so that they stop getting bumped into the cycle track. Because of this, they're still getting bumped into the cycle track, which is both annoying and dangerous.

3. Rainier Avenue South

This four-lane avenue streaking through South Seattle is straight-up hazardous, with more crashes per mile than Aurora Avenue. Fucoloro calls it "the city's worst neighborhood street," but says it could be the best, if the right improvements are made. SDOT is developing a comprehensive plan to redesign the street, but with yet another car accident (this time destroying a storefront) on February 27, the city needs to act with a sense of urgency—and with the needs of cyclists (and pedestrians) in mind.

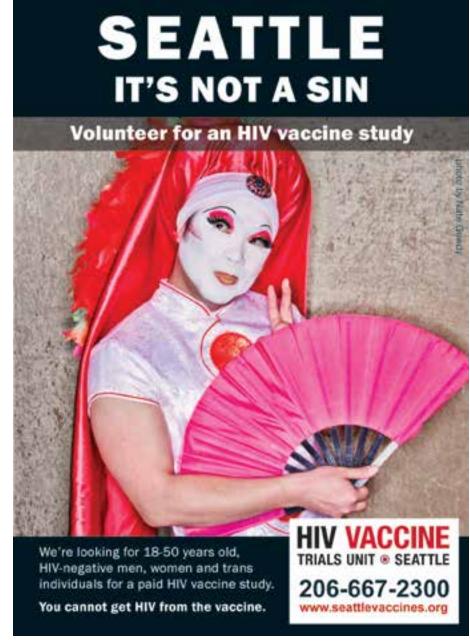
4. Westlake Avenue

Local TV news channels show no sign of letting up on their drumbeat coverage of parking availability. Any sign that a bike lane, or an expanded car-sharing program for that matter, might result in less parking spots—they're on it like rabid squirrels. And despite the decline of Critical Mass, B-list right-wing radio hosts like Jason Rantz still fulminate on the daily about the phantom "War on Cars." That means parking zealots still have a voice in this city, and in the case of Westlake Avenue along South Lake Union, Mayor Murray decided to give that voice-a coalition of business and home owners along the corridor-input on the design of a much-needed protected bike lane, instead of kindly telling them to fuck off. The current version of the bike lane, Murray pledges, will result in less than a fifth of their parking spots disappearing. \blacksquare

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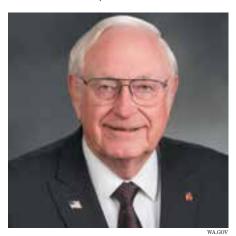




NEWS SHORTS

BY STRANGER STAFF

THINLY VEILED RACISM IN THE STATE SENATE? On February 26, Republican state senator Jim Honeyford asserted. "The poor are more likely to commit crimes, and, uh, colored most likely to be poor... I believe that's an accepted fact, and if you check any of your sociology books or anything else you'll find that's an accepted fact of our society." What's the context for this gross generalization? Honeyford was reacting to a proposed law that would allow legislators to request racial impact statements—similar to environmental impact statements, which



STATE SEN. JIM HONEYFORD "I said the poor are more likely to commit crimes, and, uh, colored most likely to be poor."

are often required on big projects. The statements would assess whether a new policy will affect racial groups equally or harm some of them disproportionately (think federal sentencing laws on crack versus powder cocaine, and the fact that African Americans are incarcerated at nearly six times the rate of whites, according to the NAACP). Oregon and a handful of other states are already using racial impact statements. The bill is still working its way through the senate. ANSEL HERZ

COULD THE COUNTY EMBARRASS THE CITY ON PAID PARENTAL LEAVE? Last

month, the City of Seattle did something pretty great. It announced that all city employees would soon get four weeks of paid leave when they become new parents. Then, King County Council member Rod Dembowski proposed something even better for county employees: 12 weeks paid parental leave. It's important to note the county's proposal is much further from finished than the city's. and there's no guarantee it'll pass—or actually get funded and implemented by King County executive Dow Constantine (he would have a year to figure out how to do it). But it's an ambitious plan that should light a fire under the asses of both branches of local government on this issue. Paid parental leave is one big way to tackle pay inequities between men and women because it can allow more new moms to stick with their jobs after they have kids and later move into higherpaid positions. HEIDI GROOVER

FCC ENSHRINES NET NEUTRALITY. SEATTLE REACTS Hell yeah, Obama! The Federal Communications Commission, at the president's urging, voted to uphold net neutrality on February 26, classifying the web as a public utility and preventing private companies from creating different tiers of content delivery over internet connections. The FCC also set itself against state laws, enacted at the behest of big telecom companies, that prevent the

expansion of municipally owned highspeed broadband networks. Seattle mayor Ed Murray praised the FCC's choices, but he stopped short of committing to pursue a municipal broadband network in Seattle. That's not good enough for Upgrade Seattle, a newly formed campaign group, which urged him to get on board: "For too long, areas of Seattle have been underserved by existing providers," the group said in a statement, vowing to make the disparities an issue in upcoming elections. "This decision is part of a growing movement recognizing the need for cities to establish their own internet as a public utility." ANSEL HERZ

SEATTLE PORT GETS SUED OVER SHELL ARCTIC DRILLING RIGS And here's why you should care: Last month, Port of Seattle CEO Ted Fick signed a lease that would allow Shell to park its Arctic drilling fleet in Seattle over the next two years. Despite the facts that a probable spill could wreak havoc on a fragile Arctic ecosystem and that opening up the Arctic for drilling could tip global warming past two degrees Celsius by the end of the century, the port's five publicly elected commissioners let the decision slide right on by in one exceptionally weird public meeting dedicated to the subject. Not only that—the port commissioners kept news of the Shell negotiations secret for months beforehand and gave the public less than a week to respond. Shady? Yes. Shortsighted? Also yes. But illegal? As of March 2, five local environmental groups are alleging yes, and their argument hinges on zoning technicalities for the port terminal in state law. The legalese of the complaint itself is pretty dry, but that's beside the larger point of the exercise. If the enviros actually succeed in stalling or getting the port to reverse its decision, the protest could set a powerful precedent for other ports that consider hosting Shell rias. SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

SPD AUDITOR CRITICIZES SLOW PACE

OF REFORMS The City of Seattle, under the Murray administration, missed a "uniquely positive negotiating opportunity" last year to advance reforms of the Seattle Police Department, according to Anne Levinson, the department's accountability auditor. Basic reforms remain largely "an aspirational goal," the former judge writes in a new report, referring to things like assigning hiring preference points for bilingual officers, giving the section of the department that investigates misconduct greater subpoena powers, and implementing other important reforms through a city ordinance. That doesn't mean some progress isn't being made. On February 25, with the help of hacker Tim Clemans, the department launched an innovative YouTube channel with hours of (heavily redacted) body-cam footage, in a bid to increase transparency. More like this please, SPD. ANSEL HERZ

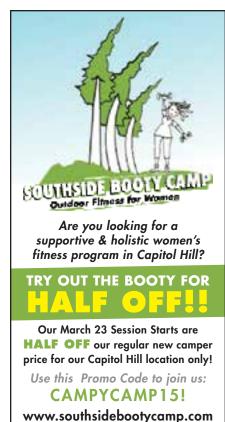
NEW BABY ORCA! The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration spotted the baby swimming next to its mother off the Washington Coast late last month, and it looks healthy, if tinged a little orange. The new baby bodes well for the endangered population of southern resident killer whales, but there's also a decent chance (perhaps as much as 60 percent) that the calf won't survive a year. SYDNEY BROWNSTONE



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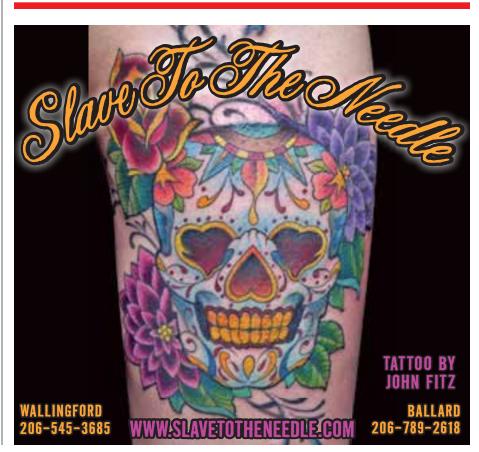


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ONE AUGUST MORNING IN 2012 Armed state and federal officers knocked on Rhonda Firestack-Harvey's door, rifled through her house, and yanked pot plants from the ground. Now she and her family are facing the prospect of years in prison.

A Stunning Overreach from the DEA Is Playing Out in Eastern Washington

In Federal Court, There's No Such Thing as Medical Marijuana— So a Rural Family Is Being Treated Like Drug Traffickers BY HEIDI GROOVER

efore Rhonda Firestack-Harvey was part of a nationally watched court case that could change the course of the federal drug war, she lived quietly with her husband in their modest double-wide mobile home two hours northwest of Spokane.

Rhonda suffers from carpal tunnel and osteoarthritis. In 2011, she got a doctor's recommendation to use marijuana for her achy joints. Her husband, Larry, also got medical authorization to use marijuana to treat pain caused by gout. Washington State was one of the very first states to approve medical marijuana, way back in 1998, and under state law, medical marijuana patients are allowed to grow their own medicine. When Rhonda and Larry started a grow on their property. Larry posted a sign with a green cross on it near the plants, hoping it would communicate to anyone flying over that this was a medical grow, not a criminal operation.

But last week in a federal courthouse in Spokane, as a jury was looking at an aerial image of the growan area "smaller than a tennis court," as CNN puts it—defense attorneys were not allowed to point out Larry's sign in the yard. It was a tiny white spot in the corner of the photograph. Nor were they allowed to say what was on the sign.

That wasn't the only odd silence. In this courtroom,

defense attorneys aren't even allowed to utter the words "medical marijuana." In a federal courthouse, the only thing that matters is federal law. And federal law says marijuana is a Schedule I drug, considered more dangerous than meth.

"You will apply the law as I give it to you," US District Court judge Thomas Rice told the jury, "whether you like the law or not."

The federal government still considers marijuana more dangerous than meth.

honda, her husband Larry, Rhonda's son Rolland Gregg, Rolland's wife Michelle, and a family friend named Jason Zucker were all charged with drug crimes in 2013. The charges included growing and distributing marijuana and owning guns "in furtherance of a drug trafficking crime." Combining photos they found of plants from 2011 and the 74 live plants they found in 2012, the government claims the family grew 100 or more plants, meaning that, if convicted, they'll face five-year mandatory minimum prison sentences. The guns will add another five years on top of that.

Rhonda and Larry were also charged with maintaining "drug-involved premise[s]." All five of these people were authorized to use marijuana for medical purposes, and under state law, each of them was allowed to have 15 plants, but only 45 total if they were growing as a collective.

The Harveys had never grown marijuana before, and that's where Zucker came in. Zucker lives in Seattle and is an experienced grower. He also has three marijuana-related convictions, including a felony for possession with intent to distribute. Throughout the two years the family grew pot near the tiny town of Kettle Falls, Washington, Zucker would make occasional trips across the state to help tend and harvest the plants. Rolland and Michelle, who also live in Western Washington, would come over, too, under the verbal agreement that the five would split their crop

One hot August morning in 2012, Rhonda answered the door for nine armed state and federal officers and stood by as they rifled through her house and yanked pot plants from the ground. The family had come to the attention of local law enforcement when a Civil Air Patrol pilot spotted the grow, so county detectives got a warrant, raided, and pulled out 29 plants, bringing the crop down to the state limit of 45 for a collective. But before they went to the property, those local officers had told a Spokane-based DEA agent ▶







◀ it looked large enough to be a federal case, so the DEA agent went along for the raid. A week later, that agent served a warrant of his own—a federal warrant, meaning every single plant was a target.

During both raids, officers found multiple guns the family says were for hunting and protection. (After all, they live in the middle of nowhere.) A rifle, a shotgun, and a pistol found near the marijuana are now the crux of the government's case. That's because, for all the supposed leeway the Feds have given states like Washington in pursuing their legalization experiments, weapons near drug operations are a "bright red line." Those were the words used by Michael Ormsby, the US Attorney for Eastern Washington, when I interviewed him about this issue last year. (He declined to talk specifically about this case.) The existence of the guns allows the Feds to portray the family as drug traffickers—scheming cartel operators armed with guns to protect their cash crop. That's especially troubling considering that the family's actual defense, their status as medical marijuana patients, is inadmissible in court.

honda was sitting quietly in a windowless courtroom between two lawyers last week, her jaw set and her fate unclear. Her lawyer, and the lawyers representing her son and daughter-in-law, were doing their best to make their case in spite of being legally prohibited from making their case. Instead, the lawyers painted the family as honest and hardworking, calling them "salt of the earth people." Obviously, they couldn't say what they wanted to say, what Rhonda wishes she could shout at the jury: The plants were for medical use. Washington State has a medical marijuana law.

Complicating things for Rhonda and her family, right before the trial started, Zucker turned on the group. Given his prior marijuana convictions, he was looking at as much as 40 years in prison, the defense lawvers sav. Zucker also has a wife and a young daughter. In exchange for just 16 months in prison (even less with good behavior), he agreed to testify against the others.

Also, days before the trial, charges were dropped against Larry, Rhonda's 71-yearold husband, who has been diagnosed with late-stage pancreatic cancer. His medical condition has confined him to a wheelchair and could kill him before the leaves turn this fall. He's now spending what are likely his last days being wheeled into a courtroom to watch his wife and primary caregiver struggle to defend herself. He has been weighing whether to take the stand in her defense. The defense recently requested that if he does testify, the court authorize audio or video recording of his testimony in case he dies before there's an appeal. The judge denied the request, saying any future courts would have to rely on a transcript.

If it weren't so depressing, this case would almost look like a farce, watching the family's defense attorneys try to defend them but being muzzled, given the family's true defense. Attorney Phil Telfeyan is reduced to making statements to the jury like "This case is about two things. First it's about a family... Second it's about an overzealous prosecution by the federal government."

As for the loaded guns in the house, this is just a fact of life in Eastern Washington, especially in the more rural areas outside Spokane, like where the Harveys live. Guns are normal here, a God-given tool for hunting and protection. A lawyer who often represents marijuana users likes to joke to reporters that it's against the law not to have a gun in this part of the state. The 53 potential jurors summoned for this case were primarily churchgoers and NRA members. Just one woman spoke against gun ownership alto-

Still, the family's chances don't look good. While the Feds may not win in a court of public opinion—where recent polls show 77percent of Americans think marijuana has legitimate medical uses and 52 percent think it should be legalized altogether—they have the upper hand here in the courtroom. It is not hard to prove this family grew marijuana or that doing so is against federal law.

At one point last Friday, day three of the trial, after the jury had left for a 15-minute break, Assistant US Attorney Caitlin Baunsgard bolted up from her chair. She'd zeroed in on a two-inch green ribbon with a red cross on it that Rolland Gregg had pinned to his purple sweater. "It's clearly indicative of what it's trying to convey to the jury," she told the judge.

Whether the jury would even see the small pin was unclear. It was also unclear whether they would know it might symbolize medical marijuana. But the federal prosecutors are fanatic about not reminding the jury about the existence of medical marijuana, much less its long history in the state where this courtroom is located. Baunsgard asked the judge to require Rolland to take off his pin, but the judge didn't make a decision immediately. The court recessed, and the family used the break to strategize about where the pin came from, arguing—despite the obvious—that it represented Larry's fight against cancer.

Eventually, the judge sided with the prosecution and ordered Rolland to remove the pin. In the process, the judge said, "That was

The lawyers were doing their best to make their case in spite of being legally prohibited from making their case.

going to be my next question: Does it have anything to do with medical marijuana? Because cancer patients are often known to use medical marijuana."

It was maddening to hear the judge say that—acknowledging not only marijuana's medical value but also one of its most common and defensible uses.

Many of the onlookers are medical marijuana activists, and they all know what that pin means. They know the untold story it represents. The two women from DOPE Magazine who sometimes grip crystals as they watch the proceedings know what it means. When the judge saw two onlookers, a man and a woman, wearing red hooded sweatshirts that said "Save Medical Cannabis," he ordered them to take them off or turn them inside out. He also made an audience member wearing a green ribbon with a red cross on it take it off. When one of the people in the sweatshirts protested that they were "exercising our First Amendment right," the judge replied, "You don't have a First Amendment right in this courtroom in front of this jury... You are not to telegraph to this jury any message... We're not here to express our First Amendment rights in front of this jury." If they wore their sweatshirts again, he said, they would be held in contempt.

The case is being followed closely by the marijuana advocacy community and is making national headlines. A conviction of this family, known as the Kettle Falls Five, could spark outrage among a whole range of people, from state's rights supporters to gun rights activists to lefty pot activists, but federal pot policy is unlikely to change anytime soon.

An acquittal, or even the judge being willing to sidestep mandatory minimums and deliver a lesser sentence, could be monumental.

n Friday afternoon, Jason Zucker took the stand. He is both the prosecution's best argument and the closest the defense can get to showing the jury what's really at stake.

Zucker detailed how he grew 75 small plants from seeds and clones in his basement, the trips he made back and forth from Seattle to Eastern Washington to help plant and care for them, and the 28 pounds of bud he took home at the end of the growing season. He sipped water from a Styrofoam cup, avoiding eye contact with those at the defense table.

In the argument over whether the group "conspired" to grow and sell cannabis, the defense claims the lack of a written agreement means the Feds have no proof of a conspiracy. The prosecutor asked Zucker why they never signed a formal contract like that.

"I don't know," Zucker said. "I guess we trusted each other.'

But Zucker also said the group never discussed selling the pot and that he smoked most of his on his own or shared it with friends.

In an attempt to discredit him because of the pressure he's under to help the prosecution, Telfeyan, the defense attorney, repeatedly returned to the lengthy jail sentence Zucker could have faced. In the same moment, Telfeyan was giving the jury a sense of what a "guilty" verdict could mean for those who still have charges against them.

Telfeyan asked Zucker: Isn't it true that the combination of the drug charges, the guns, and Zucker's record could add up to anywhere between 10 and 40 years?

Yes.

And he's been in jail before for his last felony, right?

And isn't it fair to say that being incarcerated is an "awful experience"?

Yes.

n the way back into the courtroom after a lunch break one day, Sam Keiser, the DEA agent who led the raids, lugged a bulky blue bin full of onepound bags of pot he took from the Harveys' property.

Kris Hermes, a medical marijuana advocate who's been doing media relations work on behalf of the family, sighed as he watched Keiser maneuver the bin through the courtroom doors. Hermes has worked on marijuana advocacy for more than a decade. He is an upbeat guy, but the defendants' prospects in this case are bleak. Hermes said he's "never seen a patient who was tried in federal court be acquitted by a jury." But he is hopeful that someday, eventually, change will come.

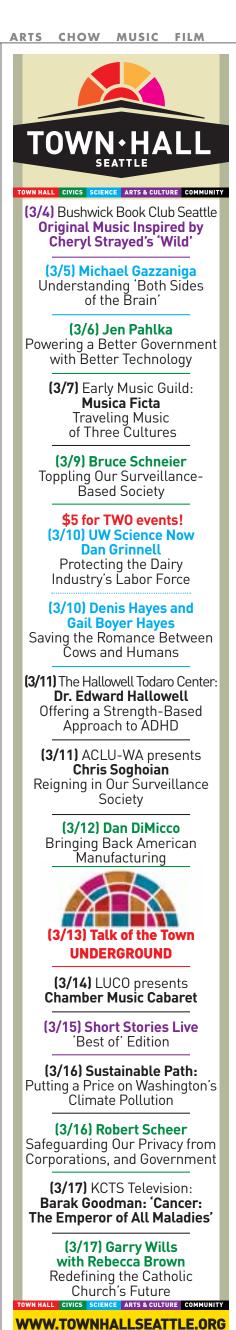
Watching Keiser lug around the seized marijuana, Hermes said to him, "One day you won't have to do this anymore."

Keiser stared at Hermes blankly for a minute, and then continued into the courtroom, where the war on drugs rages on. \blacksquare

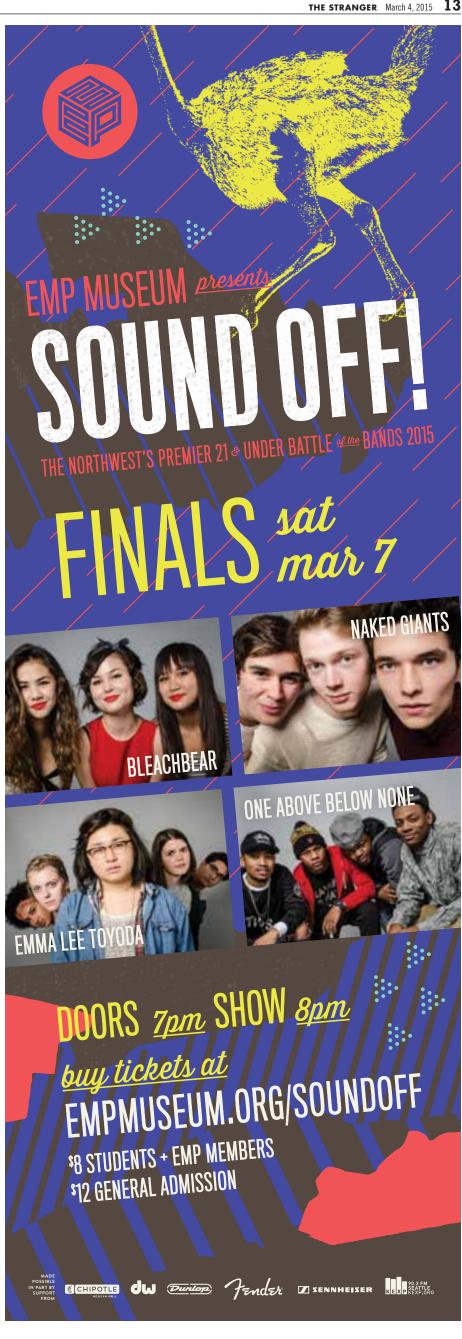
As The Stranger was going to press, Larry decided not to testify, lawyers on both sides made their closing statements, and the case went to the jury for deliberation. For Heidi $Groover's\ latest\ reporting\ on\ this\ case,\ see$ the stranger.com/slog.

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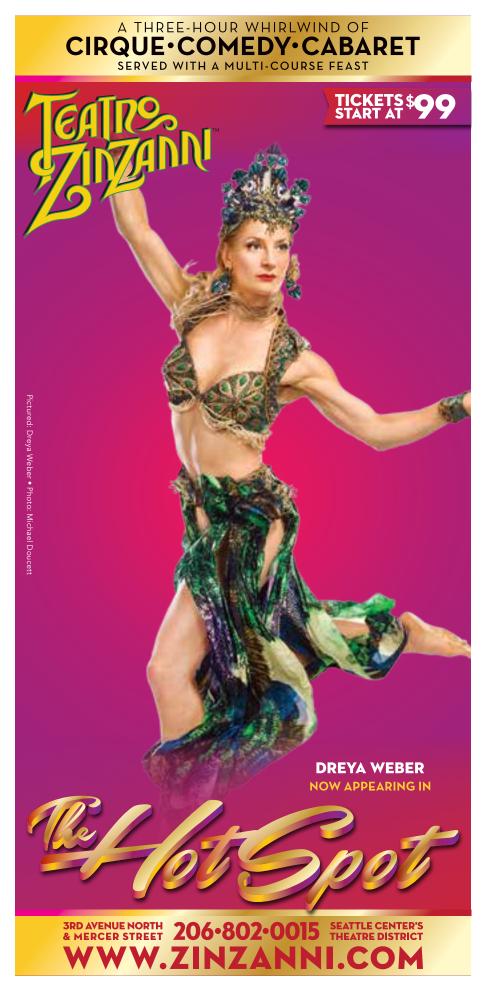


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Bushwick Book Club - BOOKS/MUSIC

The Bushwick Book Club brings local musicians together to perform new music in response to a book; the one rule is that the musicians have to read the entirety of the book. Besides single-handedly raising the literacy rate of Seattle's music scene by double digits, this formula results in some surprising, funny new songs that otherwise never would have existed in the world. Tonight, musicians including Levi Fuller, Tai Shan, Bucket of Honey, and Wes Weddell will respond to Cheryl Strayed's aching wound of a memoir Wild. This should be a winning combination. (Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave, townhallseattle.org, 7:30 pm, \$13 adv/\$15 DOS) PAUL CONSTANT

'Rodrigo Valenzuela: Future Ruins' - VISUAL ART

Rodrigo Valenzuela's first solo museum exhibition and large-scale presentation of work in Seattle features two works created especially for the exhibition. One is a large-scale architectural installation called *Hedonic* **Reversal** and the other is a three-channel video projection called *El Sisifo*. I walked through Hedonic Reversal and absorbed its beautifully stark images, alien graffiti, and surrounding scaffolds. It eventually occurred to me that it represents a site of destruction and construction. Something has been torn down—a tower or perhaps a whole city—and something new is being built. All that's missing are the tracks of boots and heavyduty vehicles. (Frye Art Museum, 704 Terry Ave, fryemuseum.org, 11 am-7 pm, free, through April 26) CHARLES MUDEDE

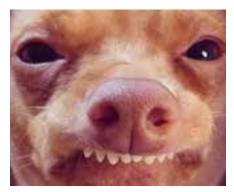
Smokey Robinson - MUSIC



One of the driving forces behind Motown's unassailable run of greatness in the 1960s and a magnetic performer in his own right, Smokey Robinson may not be "America's greatest living poet" (as Bob Dylan famously described him), but he's as close to a living legend as we've got. On songs like "The Tracks of My Tears" and "A Quiet Storm," Robinson taps into feelings so deeply sensed, they might as well be primordial, imbuing his slow-

burning R&B with an emotional heft rarely heard in pop music. Here's your chance to witness the agony and the ecstasy for yourself. (Emerald Queen Casino, 2024 E 29th St, Tacoma, emeraldqueen.com, 8:30 pm, \$50-\$100, 21+) KYLE FLECK

'Tuna Melts My Heart' - DOGS/BOOKS



Tuna is coming to town! Adorable Tuna is a 4-year-old rescue Chiweenie with a very wrinkly neck and a severe overbite that causes his top teeth to pop out à la Mr. Burns from The Simpsons. Tuna's unconventional looks made him so accidentally famous on Instagram that he now has his own photo book, Tuna Melts My Heart: The Underdog with the Overbite. His owner, Courtney Dasher, will accompany Tuna to this event, introducing him, answering questions, and signing books. You may gaze upon

Tuna and take photos (no flash, please), but you may not hold Tuna. (University Bookstore, 4326 University Way NE, bookstore.washington.edu, 3 pm, free) EMILY NOKES

'Colophon' - VISUAL ART

In Colophon, Joshua Caleb Weibley dryly riffs on the iconic cover designs of the O'Reilly tech manuals. Even if you aren't a programmer, these ubiquitous things may have lodged in your memory. Each book, dedicated to a different concept, is distinguished by a distinct animal illustration on its cover. Weibley redraws each by hand, mimicking the style of an ink-jet printer and framing each composition with a faux granite countertop solid. Meet the fearful gaze of the owls on the cover of Weibley's rendition of Mastering Regular Expressions and meditate on our sad and magical computer world. (Veronica, 2915 Rainier Ave S, Suite 12B, businessnormal.com, noon-6 pm, free, through April 30) KRISHANU RAY



Swervedriver - MUSIC

During Creation Records' early-'90s heyday, Swervedriver were one of the label's greatest bands. Though lumped in with that era's shoegaze movement, Swervedriver actually rocked harder and gnarlier than most, rivaling Dinosaur Jr. and Hüsker Dü for their ability to nestle beautiful, poignant melodies within seething swarms of guitar clangor. Swervedriver's new album, I Wasn't Born to Lose You, finds them mellowing a bit, but they retain their ability to write songs of dulcet poignancy and glorious ascension. With Gateway Drugs. (Neumos, 925 E Pike St, neumos.com, 8 pm, \$15 adv, 21+) DAVE SEGAL

Seattle Fiction Federation

Ever since the Breadline reading series switched from a monthly to an irregular schedule, the Seattle literary scene has been looking for the new hotness. Could this be it? Seattle Fiction Federation features tried-and-true local writers (this month: Jarret Middleton and Stranger Genius of literature Stacey Levine)



mixed up with open-mic readers selected at random. The catch is, the audience votes for one of the open-mic readers to become a headliner at the next SFF. It's a cross between a reading series and a literary American Idol—what's not to love? (Hugo House, 1634 11th Ave, hugohouse. org, 7 pm, free) PAUL CONSTANT

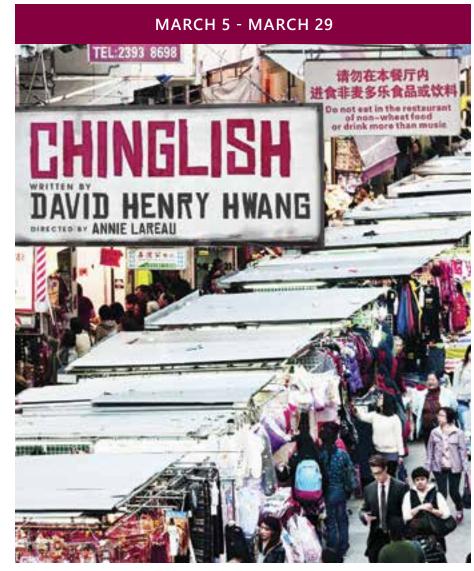
'L'Eclisse'



One name makes this 1962 classic by Michelangelo Antonioni: Monica Vitti. Is this human being not a miracle on two legs? And how the camera just loves everything about herthe elegant clothes she wears, her noble Germanic hair, her sure Italian figure. Indeed, I have seen this movie maybe three times, and all I can recall of it is not the story or the score (does it even have one?) but this

human that cinema transformed into a creature from a world that is **iust too wonderful** for us men and women of meat and bone to believe. I dream of Monica Vitti. (Seattle Art Museum, 1300 First Ave, seattleartmuseum.org, 7:30 pm, \$12) CHARLES MUDEDE

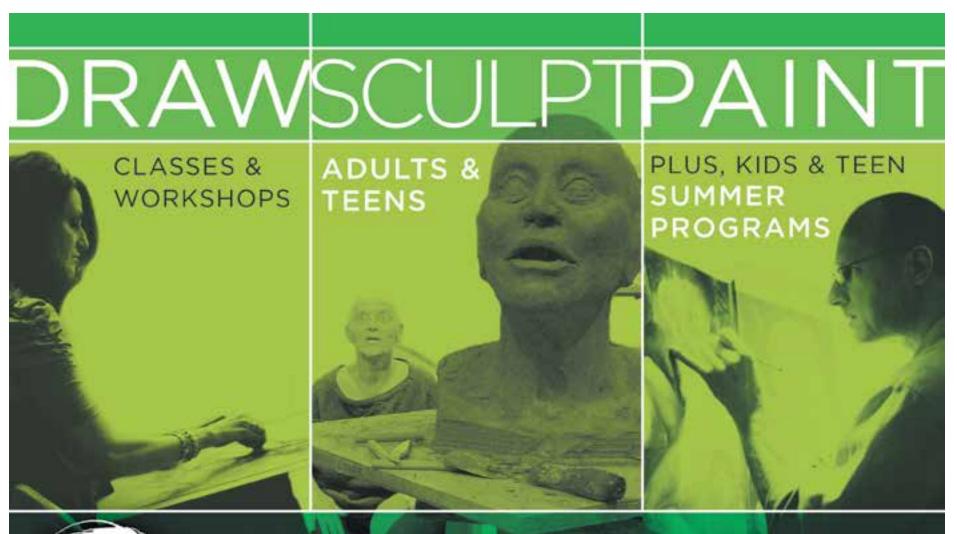




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NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER March 4, 2015 17

ARTS

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 $\textbf{HOUSE OF CARDS} \ This \ is \ not \ the \ scene \ where \ Robin \ Wright \ mounts \ and \ aggressively \ rides \ Kevin \ Spacey \ while \ he \ sobs.$

I Watched Season Three of *House* of Cards in One Weekend and All I Lost Was My Goddamn Mind

BY MEGAN KOESTER

have never watched *House of Cards* in earnest. My ex, however, did so obsessively—the extent of my viewership, therefore, entailed passively watching him watch it, like a teen girl observing her male counterpart playing video games. For hours he'd lie prostrate on the couch, shrouded in near-darkness, entranced by the saga unfolding before him. I did not understand his seemingly insatiable desire. "What don't you like about it?" he asked. "Well," I told him, "the main character speaks into camera." Because Kevin Spacey, as President Frank Underwood, the protagonist of *House of Cards*, speaks into fucking camera. Sure, it's a highly respected

Diving in with limited knowledge, I found myself initially confused by what I was viewing. Piece by piece, I began to follow the story: Underwood's the president, but he's also running for president, while his opponents flog the corpse of his failed America Works program. Doug (Michael Kelly), his former right-hand man, got in some kind of accident and is now letting prostitutes inject bourbon into his mouth while he waits to be called back to the majors. Claire (Robin Wright), the first lady, is constantly being disrespected, objectified, and underestimated, yet somehow is also the strongest character on the program. Remy (Mahershala Ali), in spite of being the

I wanted to leave my couch, to reenter the world, but felt I shouldn't. After all, the outside would always be there, but with Netflix you never know.

program that people have emphatically told me I *simply must see*, not unlike *The Wire*. But in *The Wire*, people don't speak into fucking camera.

I was not looking forward to watching the entirety of the series's third season—a harrowing 13 hours of programming—in one weekend. But watch I did, if only in an attempt to anthropologically understand the phenomenon that has so captured the public's (and the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences') rapt attention.

president's chief of staff, gets pulled over for driving while black. (Okay, so I guess it isn't science fiction.) Pussy Riot do not make good dinner guests.

It didn't take long for me to become engaged. Around episode three or so, I delightedly watched the first lady mount and aggressively ride the president of the United States while he sobbed. Now *that* was in my wheelhouse. Something I'd allow. I kept watching. When I split a cigarette and talk over this whole Israel and Palestine fracas with a man,

I want him to actually do something about it.

Around hour seven, I looked out my window—it was a sunny, the sky filled with big, beautiful cumulus clouds drifting across a sea of azure. Visibility was high, a rarity; the hikeable hills nearby beckoned. I wanted to leave my couch, to reenter the world, but felt as though I shouldn't. After all, the outside would always be there, but with Netflix you never know. Sometimes it removes content from its roster. Nature can't compete with the impermanence of streaming entertainment. All the while, my muscles atrophied beneath me

"Love," slurred President Underwood, staring at a life-size crucifix. "That's what you're selling. Well, I don't buy it." Then he spit in Christ's face. As he wiped up his load, the crucifix fell and shattered on the ground. Picking up a broken ear, he addressed the camera. "Well," he quipped, "I've got God's ear now." The scene was shticky and stupid. I nevertheless could not look away.

The *House of Cards* universe is neither kind nor pleasant. It is the antithesis of uplifting. The president puts the lives of his own people at risk by funneling funds away from FEMA immediately before a hurricane. He tells America it "deserves nothing." He instructs Doug to kill a woman, for Christ's sake. The only reprieve from all this bleakness and misanthropy came from the very device that made me reluctant to watch the show in the first place.

When Frank speaks into camera, he

speaks solely to us, divulging information and insight no one in his universe, not even his wife, is privy to. This keeps us separate from the murky moral quagmire, but still in on it. It's almost as if he is addressing God. Which makes us God. Which keeps us hooked. Who wouldn't want to be God, at least for a weekend? Having initially found them so trite and unappealing, I soon found myself craving these private audiences. They are, after all, the only opportunity for levity or pathos in the whole deeply humorless, depressing show. The world I looked into was inexpressibly bleak, bleaker than my own. A place of ceaseless war and manipulation and indignation and self-serving hubris, it is dark, both literally and figuratively. No one is ever rewarded for doing the right thing because no one ever does the right thing. It's a lot to digest. It's a lot more to turn off.

Television, especially when consumed in mass quantities, is an escape. I'm not here to judge the escapist impulse—I share it. It's why I am an alcoholic. But the 13 hours I spent escaping into *House of Cards* was overwhelming; watching it made me feel trapped, not free. It's not a show one can watch passively, and I found myself imprisoned by its complexity. It felt like a second job, sifting through the minutiae of its miserable universe. Which made me wonder why so many people, after being beaten and broken and debased by life, would spend so much of their leisure time watching *House of Cards*.

The answer, of course, was in the question. So much goes on in a show like this, there may as well be nothing going on, which makes House of Cards the perfect vessel for Nexflix's binge-watching ethos. So many plot points, characters, events, asides—it's nearly impossible to keep it all straight. The complexity washes over you like a tide. Which I suppose is the goal of immersion. You can't think about, you don't have to live with, the intricacies of your own world when you're so busy trying to wrangle the intricacies of another. Binge-watching takes us back to the fanatical-obsession phase of youth, providing something to be passionate about in bursts long enough to wipe out meaningful chunks of time—a weekend, for example—but not so long that we're incapacitated before returning to the regularly scheduled programming that is our boring and tedious lives.

Having said all that, I hope Heather Dunbar doesn't get the Democratic nomination. Fuck her. ■

THEATER

Bought and Paid For—Is ACT's Seven Ways to Get There the New Model for Arts Patronage?

BY BRENDAN KILEY

his weekend, first-time playwright Dwayne Clark sat in ACT's biggest room—the 434-seat theater in the round upstairs—to watch the world premiere of Seven Ways to Get There, a two-act play about how his life was changed by group therapy. The experience, he said, was "phenomenal"—a sold-out house with CEOs and professional football players in attendance, hundreds of people at the pre- and post-show parties, and a flood of messages the next morning from men thanking Clark for writing a play that \blacktriangleright











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REVIEW

Seven Ways

to Get There

ACT Theatre

Through March 15

■ inspired the most intimate conversations they'd had with their wives in decades.

If I had scripted it myself, I couldn't have asked for a better opening night," he said. "People came up to me afterward and said. 'I would be shocked if this didn't go to New York or Broadway." Clark deflected some of the praise, saying much of it belonged to his cowriter Bryan Willis (a longtime playwright who, by all accounts, did most of the heavy lifting) and director John Langs (a respected artist who will soon take over as artistic director at ACT).

Watching a first script brought to life in one of Seattle's biggest theaters would be a thrill for any local playwright. But there's something about Clark that sets him apart from the likes of Keri Healey, Scot Augustson, and Kelleen Conway Blanchard.

Clark is a wealthy CEO, with a Rolodex full of wealthy CEOs, and their combined wealth was instrumental in getting his story onto

ACT's stage. (Clark founded Áegis Living, a family business of highend, publically lauded eldercare facilities—his own mother lived out her final days in an Áegis home.)

While he was pitching the show, Clark asked how many tickets ACT

expected to sell. "They said, 'Well, a firsttime play typically sells 50 percent to 60 percent of the show," he recalled. "If we sell 100percent of the show, we may not break even.' I'm a CEO and I'm like, 'Why do you do this? How do you stay in business? This seems like a broken economic model."

So Clark, who also wants Seven Ways to raise money for Sound Mental Health, made a proposal. "I told ACT, 'I'll take all the risk so there's zero percent chance of you losing money," he said. "I reached out to 28 of my CEO buddies and said, 'I want you to frontload this, sell out the house, pay double what you normally would, and give the tickets away to your employees."

This new way of producing theater—allowing a wealthy playwright to guarantee the financial success of his own show, a first for ACT—has already paid off. "By opening night, we had sold 60 percent of the run," director John Langs confirmed. "That's a big

"I wanted a CEO to be vulnerable in front of his community," Clark said about the play. "We have a lot of guys, and when they've got some kind of prominent position and responsibility, they think they have to put on an aura that they're perfect and everything's great." That, he believes, is "unhealthy—it's one of the things that contributes to the chasm between employees and CEOs, and it's destructive to corporate culture."

Clark has a hunch that CEOs sharing their life stories with employees, and the rest of us, would not just better the inner lives of corporations but American theater itself. "If you

can get more CEOs to open up and be vulnerable—there are some great stories out thereand if they can use their Rolodexes, they could re-create theater," he said. "This could be an opportunity for a new economic model."

In fact, what Clark is proposing is a very old economic model: the patronage system, in which wealthy people commission artwork, and sometimes flattering portraits of themselves. The system was so entrenched in ancient Rome, historians suggested it came from Romulus himself, who wanted to forge a friendly link between patricians and plebeians, who would otherwise be natural enemies. Patronage, one could argue, was an ancient form of improving corporate culture. (When asked if the production was modern Medici-style patronage, Clark replied: 'You're spot-on.")

But this kind of patronage for cashstarved theaters—stage the lives of CEOs, fill the house with their friends and employ-

ees—opens a bundle of thorny questions. Through one squint, it looks like Clark bought his way onto the stage, a luxury most working playwrights with deserving scripts—Keri Healey's Torso, for example—don't have. Why should

the life stories of CEOs get more opportunity to be broadcast than the lives of anyone else? Just because they can afford to buy the bandwidth? That, says onetime playwright Paul Mullin (who has stepped back from theater), would be "laughably corrupt."

Through a second squint, one could argue that access to the stage is not sacrosanct and theaters have a duty to seize financial opportunities when they come along-which isn't often-so they can put artists to work and subsidize other, less profitable, projects.

Then there's the possibility that a donorplaywright actually has a great show on his hands—which Seven Ways to Get There isn't, not exactly, but it's not a dog either. Much of the credit goes to Langs and the cast, as they play out a series of quick scenes from Clark's group-therapy experience: Darragh Kennan as a surly lug with a court order to get treatment for his anger issues, Charles Leggett as a tightly wound Christian with a tortured sexuality, Bob Williams as a terminally mildmannered and indecisive man ("My decider is broke," he explains), James Lapan as a sandals-and-socks-wearing goofball with a financially crippling pornography habit, Kirsten Potter as the therapist who struggles to hold the group (and herself) together, and so on.

But Nick, the alpha-male CEO played by James DeVita, is the most fully formed character study. (Three guesses who he's based on.) While Seven Ways is about his struggle to realize that his money, power, and "brand" aren't sufficient for a fulfilled life, Nick never loses his alpha status in the play. Its central conflict is between Nick and group leader Michelle for control over the group. The men establish some rough-and-tumble intimacy, and Nick gets his comeuppance a few times. (In one scene, the rest of the men are exuberantly unimpressed with Nick's Ferrari and the tan he got in Italy.) But in the final moments—spoiler alert, I suppose—we find out he's been doing some good deeds for the other men in the group, and in the end, Michelle slips offstage without a word and Nick proposes they all go get coffee. He has become the group leader after all and gets a happy ending.

Clark says his real-life time in therapy had a happy ending as well. "I learned that some of the things I disliked most about some people were probably issues I didn't like about myself," he said. "It made me into a better man." And he's still very close to some of the men from the group.

Approximately 15 years after the experience, Clark approached Bryan Willis—chair of the Northwest Playwrights Alliance—and commissioned the story, which they then shopped around. Langs says he liked the project, he brought it to Kurt Beattie and Carlo Scandiuzzi at ACT, and Seven Ways to Get There found a home. (It's a coproduction between ACT and DeeJayCee Creative Ventures, Clark's company.) "We have a con-

tract," Clark explained. "I have final authority over how the play looks and everything else, but I tried to let them have theatrical space—there's a lot of theatrics in the play."

Langs says he loves the show—"I love what we created"—but that the jury is still out about its experiment in patronage. "We were all working toward a great production, but in addition, I was very interested in seeing if some of his ideas would translate into different ways of thinking about producing theater," he wrote in an e-mail. "It remains to be seen if all of these ideas will pay off." (Clark says he's spoken with ACT about working together on a second play—he's also begun a film project with Adrian Grenier, the star of Entourage, about a finding a reclusive whale.)

There is a third way to read what this venture means. Patronage systems flourish in aristocratic societies—Renaissance Italy, Imperial Japan—where wealth doesn't freely circulate, but is locked up among a very small number of people who release it strategically, either for pleasure or for virtue. Maybe what Seven Ways to Get There really tells us isn't so much about Dwayne Clark or ACT Theatre. Maybe it's another indication that we live in a situation that is closer to aristocracy than we normally like to admit. ■



Chimurenga Renaissance

MUSIC Wed March 4, Barboza (925 E Pike St)

The windowless womb that is Barboza is best experienced when it's filled with a wall of sound and good vibes. Tendai Maraire of Shabazz Palaces is behind Chimurenga Renaissance, a deep, glittering galaxy of experimental Zimbabwean hiphop highlighted with the golden tingly chimes of the mbira.

Nearby snack: When's the last time you went to the IHOP (950 E Madison St) on Capitol Hill? It's a GD stoner paradise! Its menu is even bigger than you remember—go ahead and order mozzarella sticks AND a banana crepe with Nutella (and waffles, and eggs, and salted caramel coffee...)—and it's open 24 hours a day [insert sound of angel chorus].

Chastity Belt, S, John Atkins

MUSIC Sat March 7, Cappy's (1408 22nd Ave)

It's March, so Hollow Earth's monthlong Magma Fest is upon us! Inside of the ring (inside of what is normally a boxing gym), witness the raw post-punk pop of Chastity Belt, Jenn Ghetto's emotionally charged pop-punk project S, and John Atkins of mid-'90s indie outfit 764-HERO. Feel free to feel, friends.

Nearby snack: The Neighbor Lady right down the street (2308 E Union St) offers drinks, pub food (with plenty of vegetarian options), and intense wallpaper.

'Chappie'

FILM Opens March 6, Cinerama (2100 Fourth Ave)

I have only seen the previews, but come on: It's a sci-fi film wherein an ex-police droid is reprogrammed to feel and to think. The best part may or may not be the casting of South African hyper-reality weirdos Yolandi Visser and Watkin Tudor Jones of the rave/zef hiphop duo Die Antwoord. Hugh Jackman and Sigourney Weaver are in this as well, if that's a selling point for you.

Nearby Snack: The Yellow Leaf Cupcake

Co. (2209 Fourth Ave) has cupcakes, coffee, and a small selection of baked goods. The cupcakes rotate, but I once stopped in and the chef let me try the white-chocolate pretzel flavor he was working on, and I have obviously been a fan ever since.

Seattle Fiction Federation

READING Mon March 9, Hugo House (1634 11th Ave)

Here's how it works: Seattle writers Erik Evenson, Laura Germano, Jarret Middleton, and Stranger Genius of literature Stacey Levine will read you their fiction. BUT! In between each reading, a random audience member will be chosen to read their fiction. When it's all said and done, the audience will vote on which rando should read at the next SFF. While I don't recommend getting stoned and interacting with a microphone (unless you're very, very used to it), I do recommend the experience of simply listening to people reading out loud. To quote Paul Constant: "It's a cross between a reading series and a literary American Idol—what's not to love?"

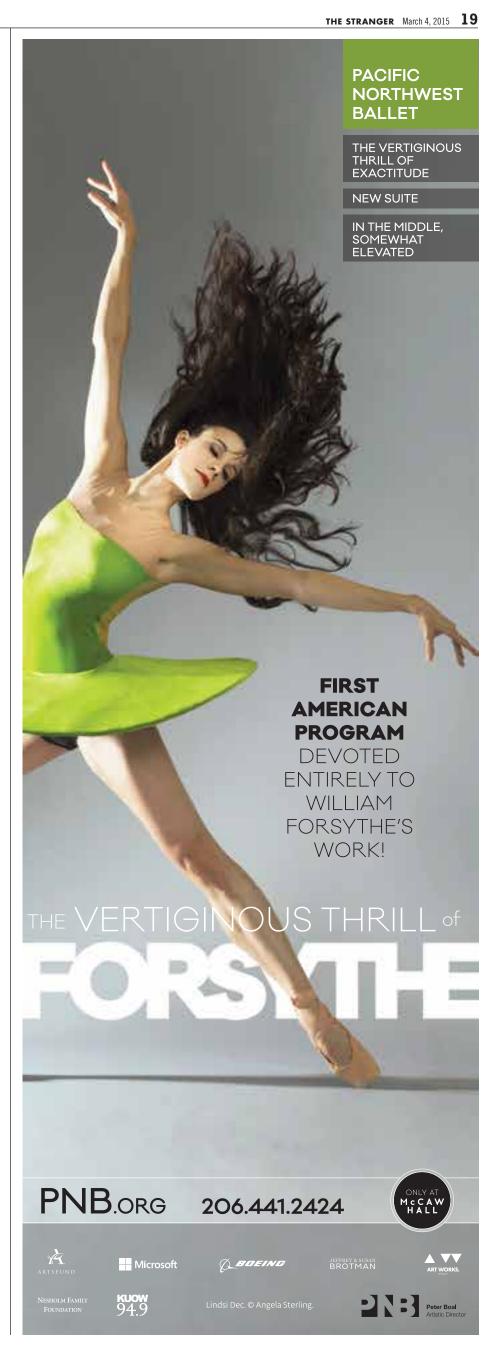
Nearby snack: Chungee's (1830 12th Ave) is a good bet for cozy seating, Cantonese food (order whatever looks good, but do include the onion pancake appetizer), and not running into anyone you know.

'Rebel, Jedi, Princess, Queen: Star Wars and the Power of Costume'

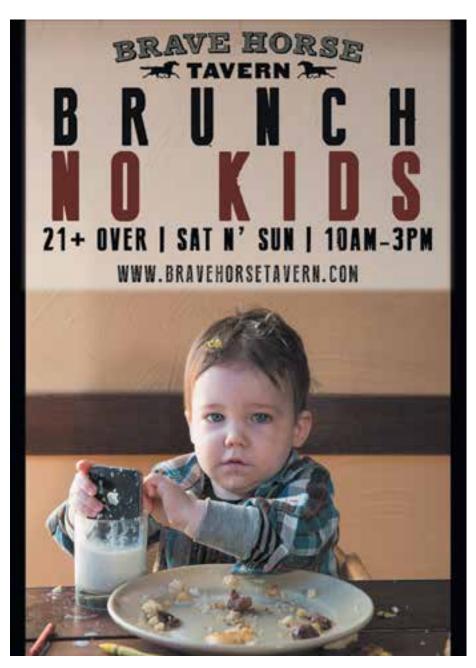
MUSEUM Through Oct 4, EMP Museum (325 Fifth Ave N)

This exhibit explores the relationship between *Star Wars* characters and their iconic costumes. Featuring sketches and interviews with artists, designers, and actors, but most importantly the attire—gaze upon the hats and gowns of Queen Amidala, Darth Vader's helmet (the line is actually "No, I am your father"), C-3PO's golden suit, Princess Leia's metal bra, and more, up close and personal. That bra, though.

Nearby snack: Though it's hard for me to forgive the Armory food court (Seattle Center) for closing the Orange Julius stand, the upscaled food options are pretty enticing: Plum Pantry for gourmet vegan, Eltana for proportionately sized bagels (I don't care how high you are, those giant breadwad rings people try to pass off as bagels are not good), Skillet Counter for comfort street food (at a counter), and all kinds of other salties and sweets to go nuts on. ■













THE STRANGER March 4, 2015 21 NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM











SINGLE SHOT A restaurant and bar that feels as upscale as it does casual, serving good food and equally good cocktails.

Capitol Hill's New Single **Shot Could Be So Great**

If Only Its Food Was Less Fussy

BY ANGELA GARBES

he block of Summit Avenue between Mercer and Roy has long been one of my favorites in town, with its perfect mix of eating and dining establishments: There's the unfussy

611 Summit Ave E,

Summit Tavern and its next-door neighbor Toscana Pizzeria (which have an arrangement that allows you to eat your pizza at the bar), the doughnuts-and-coffee dispenser Top Pot, and the tiki-inspired-cocktail purveyor Sun Liquor Lounge, whose tropical drinks instantly transport you to warmer weather. In October, the micro-neighborhood landed a Single Shot new restaurant—Single Shot.

Until I visited, I didn't real-

420-2238 ize how much this quiet corner of Capitol Hill actually needed a place like Single Shot: a restaurant and bar that feels as upscale as it does casual, serving good food and equally good cocktails. Single Shot isn't cheap, but it's reasonable. And while it's shiny and *very* pretty, it seems to slide right into the neighborhood rather than disrupt it. It feels built to last, poised to create a loyal

base of customers from nearby and, perhaps, afar (if they can find parking).

Single Shot walks a fine line between sterile and warm. Its austere white-and-gray color scheme, slate tabletops, polished white subway tiles, and heavy marble bar top are balanced by vintage, Sputnik-style light fix-

tures that cast a golden light and a giant wooden shotgun that hangs above mirrored shelves of liquor. At night, the windows steam up and,

from any seat in the restaurant, you can catch a glimpse of the cramped kitchen through a small window, where beautifully composed dishes are dispatched on slabs of wood.

The first dish I sampled from chef James Sherrill's kitchen—roasted cauliflower and Romanesco tossed in romesco sauce, then topped with pickled kohlrabi and toasted hazelnuts—captures everything I love about Single Shot's food, as well as everything that leaves me unsure. The dish is deceptively simple and rustic, but big on flavor and complexity. While I loved the bracing vinegar, roasted nuts, and brassicas blessed with an oven's char, it felt as if someone in the kitchen went a little wild with the sherry vinegar. Rather than given a finishing drizzle, the plate was hit with a downpour.

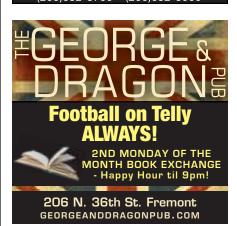
Which leads me to my biggest issue with Single Shot's food. As Coco Chanel famously said of getting dressed: "Before you leave the house, look in the mirror and remove one accessory." Often, it's no different with food. Many of the dishes at Single Shot could use a few less things on the plate.

The first bite of a berbere-spiced chickenliver mousse was promising: The mousse had a novel spiciness to it, and was warm and fragrant with spices like cumin and cinnamon. Its gel topping, traditionally made from cognac, added a welcome sweetness. But a smear of Dijon mustard was too strong,



AIR TRAVEL University Seafood & Poultry

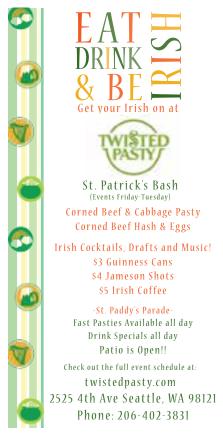
OR WE PACK FOR



























◀and a Madeira-shallot reduction was aggressively cloying. All together, the flavors were scattered and discordant.

The hanger steak entrée suffered from a similar problem. The meat was fantastic—tender and cooked to a perfect, purple-centered medium rare. Accompanying roasted baby turnips were earthy, sweet, and soft, and the sautéed wild mushrooms-slightly caramelized chanterelles and black trumpets—were well-salted. But while thin wisps of assertively nutty Tête de Moine cheese made for a bold, unexpected addition, the sweet ham mostarda, turnip puree, and wilted escarole were too distracting to my tongue. There were far too many elements in the dish to be successful.

When Single Shot holds back, the dishes soar, and Sherrill's creativity can shine rather than be buried under ingredients. The black rice porridge with uni sauce, crispy pork belly, and mussels was pure comfort food, despite its unexpected mix of ingredients. It called to mind the Filipino breakfast dish champorado, rice cooked in unsweetened chocolate. My dining companion stated simply: "This is what I want to come home and eat on my couch every night until winter is over." A fennel-citrus-chive slaw was a lovely counterpoint, the sudden burst of brightness that would enable you to get off the couch to pour yourself a glass of wine.

Baked pasta with curried goat—a fancy mac 'n' cheese, essentially-was also profoundly satisfying. The rich cream sauce was complemented nicely by spicy, shredded goat meat. Melted leeks lent sweetness, and a buttery breadcrumb topping provided a much-needed textural contrast.

The black rice porridge with uni sauce, crispy pork belly, and mussels was pure comfort food.

The most straightforward entrée, a thick pork chop served atop a buttery mountain of spaghetti squash, provided a relief from the assault of flavors. Unfortunately, on my visit, it was overcooked—the center pale and putty-colored, rather than rosy pink, and the meat tough. It was especially unfortunate because the pork arrives on the plate presliced, which means whomever cooked it was aware of the flaw but decided to overlook it.

When I review a restaurant, I'm typically willing to forgive service flaws if the food is excellent. But it's not often that I'm reminded of the opposite—how much great service can lend the kitchen credibility.

The kitchen may still be finding its footing, but service at Single Shot is assured. Much of the media coverage of the restaurant's opening focused on personnel; bar manager Adam Fream, who worked at Belltown's Bathtub Gin, and front-of-house and wine director Guy Kugel, whose previous tenure was at Capitol Hill's fine-dining restaurant Altura. Two nights a week, longtime Walrus and the Carpenter bartender Anna Wallace can be found behind the bar. (On a related note, Single Shot features Wallace's excellent celery soda, made under the name Seattle Seltzer Company, on tap. Will every other restaurant in Seattle please follow suit?)

Both times I visited, the servers were confident and informed, warm but not intrusive. When they were busy, Kugel and Fream stepped in, clearing a table, filling water, taking drink orders, and offering a dessert menu. Service was so seamless that it inspired a confidence in the back of the house that I was having trouble finding on my own. If service pros are on board with what the kitchen at Single Shot is doing, well, I'm willing to try the place a few more times. ■

NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER March 4, 2015 23





COLDBREW COLLECTIVE Aashish Gadani and Bobby Azarbayejani, presently (and pleasantly) merging the future with the past.

The Coldbrew Collective Are Some Real Sons of Glitches

How Two Seattle Artists Make Beautiful, Unpredictable Images from Analog/Digital Collisions

BY CATE MCGEHEE

Bobby Azarbayejani and Aashish Gadani are the hardestworking visual production duo in Seattle. Performing as Coldbrew Collective, Azarbayejani and Gadani provide live visuals

at shows to accompany musicians, projecting video they design from their computers onto a screen beside the performers.

For their monthly residency at the tape night HISSSSSSS (March 25 at Vermillion), they use a mash-up of old live-action VHS movies, and for their monthly sets at the techno night MOTOR (March 12 at Kremwerk) or the noise night SQUALL (March 16 at Kremwerk), their visuals are more often abstract, computer-generated geometric shapes in psychedelic colors and patterns. They usually tailor their visuals to the type of music or venue, but the thing all their visuals have in common is a confounding synthesis of analog and digital technologies.

Both Azarbayejani and Gadani are computer programmers in their early 20s who have grown up immersed in youth internet culture—Azarbayejani described their visuals as a "Deep Into YouTube' aesthetic"—yet both have an equally strong interest in anachronistic technologies, especially tapes and hardware. I sat down with Coldbrew to discuss their gear and technique, and how their work negotiates these contradictory fascinations.

"Basically, we're taking digital material and interpreting it through analog," says Azarbayejani. "We route all our digital stuff from our computers to our analog boxes. If you take a look at what's on our computer screens, a lot of the time it's very crisp and digital-looking, but then if you look at the screen on the wall, you'll see all that analog warmth and fuzziness."

The most important piece in this gauntlet of analog hardware is a circuit-bent video color processor box. "Circuit bending is when

you open up something electronic and connect random soldering points to purposely short-circuit the machine to make it do unpredictable things," says Gadani. "It's very big in the noise scene, where people will add random switches and knobs to

Speak & Spells and other kids toys." This processor would traditionally be used to adjust levels like brightness or contrast, but Coldbrew's circuit-bent version creates adjustable glitched distortions in the picture and colors when you run a video feed through it, and its effects are mostly unpredictable.

"We have a black box that we don't understand, and every time you use it on different visuals, it can react completely differently," says Azarbayejani. "We can barely replicate stuff we do," adds Gadani. "Like, we find cool things going on with all the feedback loops in our boxes, and we'll leave all the knobs at that setting for the night, but even if you turn all the knobs back to the same spot, it won't do the same thing."

Another analog tool in the Coldbrew kit

is a video mixer that enables them to pick a color on the screen and have all similar colors changed to another input. For their February VHS release for Simic, they shot dashcam footage at night in Sodo, used an equalizer to isolate the glare from streetlights and oncoming cars, and then replaced that with feedback, creating remarkable pools of static in place of the lights. This careful yet uncontrollable corruption of source footage or 3-D modeling is what makes a Coldbrew set so interesting. "Some of the analog stuff works so well because it actually dulls some of the video-otherwise it would look too sharp," says Azarbayejani. "People would look at it and think, 'Okay, this is very clearly a program you wrote,' but when you have the analog bit of it, there's this tension, this element of the unknown." "The how'd-he-do-dats eat it up," adds Gadani.

When the visuals are designed to look like they're malfunctioning, it's astonishing to remember how much meticulous coding goes into their work. "I started screwing around with [the programming language] Processing when I first heard about it early on in college," says Azarbayejani. "I always wished I was good at drawing and never was, but with Processing, I could just write up some code and make whatever I wanted. As abstract and weird as my stuff looks, it's all pretty deep computer vision on my side," he continues. "I'm not trying to be like, 'Look, I learned how to stitch a panorama together in code,' but I'll use what you use to stitch panoramas together to do other shit. For a while, I was using a fluid simulator I wrote with C++, but no one cares and no one needs to care... It's funny how much time I spending fixing my code and then it just looks broken, ultimately."

Coldbrew Collective also incorporate cheeky and irreverent source material. For the first visual set they ever did, Azarbayejani scraped all the names of people "attending" on Facebook and fed them through an anagram generator, and Gadani projected the anagram nonsense words on a loop. "We're constantly looking for sillier visuals," says Gadani. "I really want to play Half Life on my computer during someone's set and have Bobby glitch it out. We've also talked about making levels in Counter-Strike, and the whole visual set is

just walking around a dystopian, abstract, physically impossible level." Gadani is also working on a collaboration with Velocity dancer and mathematician Hannah Simmons, in which he hopes to analyze the movement of dance mathematically, model it, and project it in a collaborative

model it, and performance.

The visuals are

designed to look

like they're

malfunctioning.

Right now, Coldbrew have an accidental monopoly on Seattle visuals in this particular scene—on top of their MOTOR, SQUALL, and HISSSSSS nights this month, you can also see them on March 20 at Gallery 1412 and March 27 at Hollow Earth Radio—but they have ambitious plans to grow the community and skill-share. Look out for a collaborative lecture series and possible gear-sharing community space from them next year. With some hard work, you too could learn the secrets of making striking art from unpredictable methods. ■

 $Pretty\ deep\ computer\ vision\ at$

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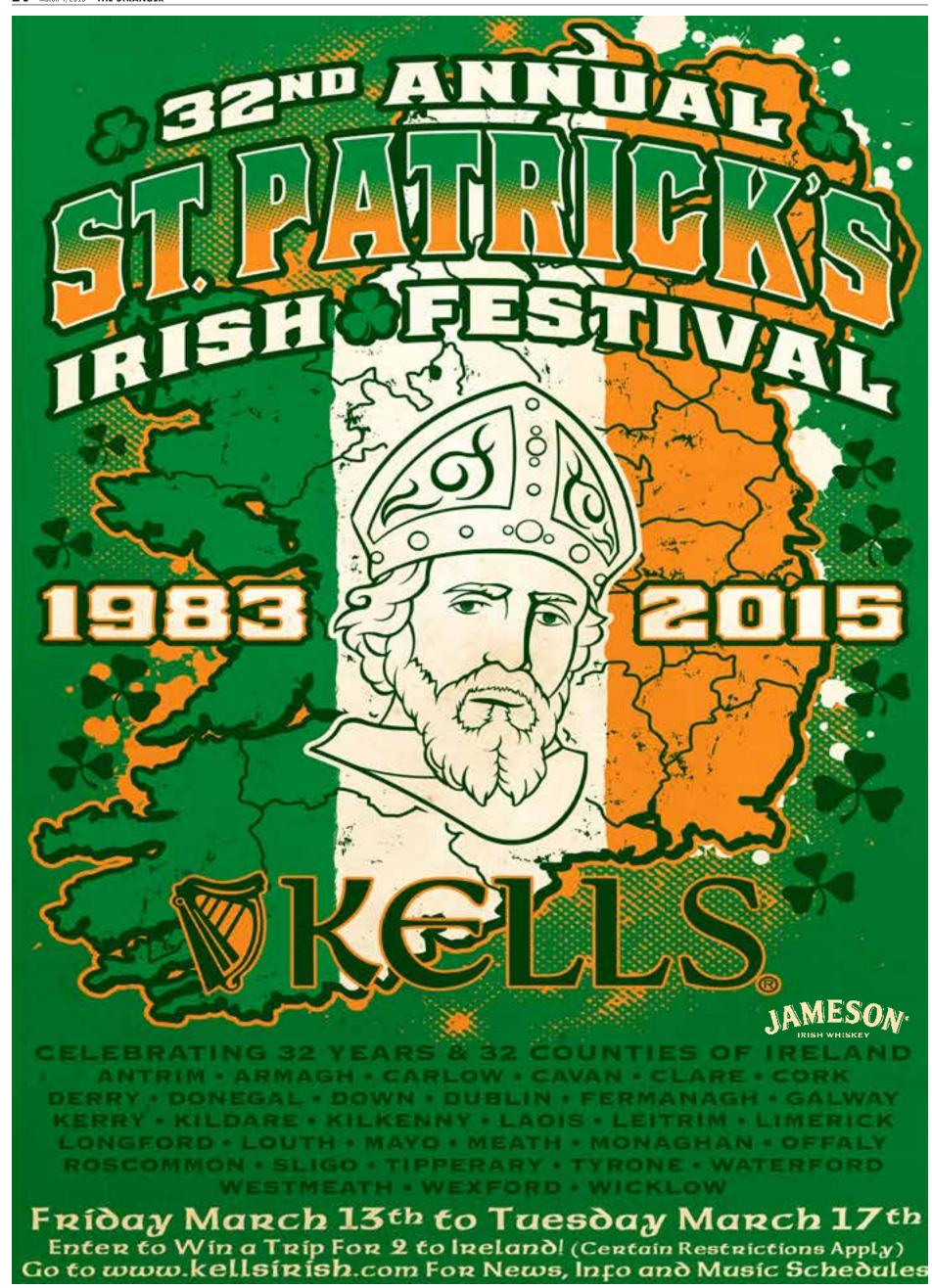
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DENNY LAINE Is in Trent's ears and in Trent's eyes.

Denny Laine Talks Rock 'n' Roll Longevity

"There Is No Formula. You Just Do It."

BY TRENT MOORMAN

British Invasion

50th Anniversary

Mon March 9,

Benaroya Hall, 7:30 pm,

\$39-\$59, all ages

n 1964, Denny Laine's soul-wrought vocals blasted out of Birmingham, England, on the Moody Blues version of "Go Now." It was a number-one hit, selling millions of copies, and whether you were a mod or a rocker, you dug it. Laine was at the epicenter of a very happening London scene. His guitar playing had what it took to make him a member of Ginger Baker's Air Force in 1970. Then, when the Beatles' Paul McCartney formed

his own band called Wings in 1971, he asked Laine to join. For Wings, Laine provided guitar, bass, woodwind, keyboards, and vocals. Over the course of a decade, Wings notched 24 Top

40 hits, with six going number one. By 1999, Laine had also released 15 solo albums. He was constantly pushing for new sonic ground. At 70 years old, the man knows a thing or two, or three, about music.

The British Invasion Tour commemorates the 51st anniversary of the Beatles' first visit to the United States. Along with Denny Laine, other 2015 Invaders include Peter Asher of Peter & Gordon, Chad & Jeremy, Billy J. Kramer, Mike Pender's Searchers, and Terry Sylvester of the Swinging Blue Jeans and the Hollies. It's quite the cast, so hit Benaroya Hall if you'd like a rock-and-roll history lesson from the Brits. Laine had just checked into his hotel room in Tarrytown, New York, when we spoke. He had a show later that night.

How are you feeling? Are you jacked for your show? Do you need some sleep? Oh, you're always tired on tour. You never seem to get quite enough sleep. But it doesn't really matter [pronounced *mattah*]. You get used to it after a while. You get yourself up to do the show, and that's all there is to it. We've had great shows so far.

Were you all aware of the term "British Invasion" when it was happening? Or is that something the press and promoters hung on it? Like grunge. Most of the musicians from Seattle labeled as grunge artists hated the term. I don't know if it was called that in the old days. I don't consider myself in any genre, really. What the public or the press calls you or doesn't call you has never bothered me. The fact that I did music in the 1960s and had the Moody Blues experience was incredible as a young person. It was my first successful period

as far as the charts and meeting everybody. We didn't do much in America when I was in the Moody Blues. I only came to America once, for a residency in New York. I didn't do the thing most of the bands did later in America.

Your Denny Laine Electric String Band opened for Jimi Hendrix in London in 1967. What do you remember about Hendrix? The first time I saw Hendrix was with Paul Mc-

Cartney. We went to see him when he first came to England at a club called Bag O'Nails. I was friendly with Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding anyway. I knew those guys, and we'd all go

to clubs together. When we opened that show for Hendrix in 1967, there were a lot of celebrities there. It was pretty high-end. Hendrix opened his set with a version of the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," which had just been released. Hendrix came up to me after the show and told me how much he enjoyed my guitar playing. And I told him how much I enjoyed his playing, and then we proceeded to get drunk [laughs]. He was a good guy. I was very upset when he died.

I saw a documentary not too long ago reporting this whole theory that Hendrix was murdered by the US government,

because they were afraid of his funding the Black Panthers. Did you ever hear about any of that? I'd rather not talk about that. I don't want to comment on it. That's just hearsay.

When I was growing up, my parents played *Wings* at the Speed of Sound all the time. Now when I hear

"Let 'Em In," I hear my childhood. I see my dad working in his chair. I remember the smell of the room and the smell of autumn—the cold wet leaves on pavement. I had a stuffed elephant named Dewey. The song connects me to these memories so vividly. Why do you think that is? That's a good question. Music can be like that. Paul wrote "Let 'Em In," so it was more about his situation and his thing—his family, not mine. I just played on it. It was personal to them. A lot of people pick up on it and associate with it

because it's about family life as you're growing up

For the songs you wrote for Wings, what was your dynamic with Paul? I tend to write alone and then have others join in to finalize. Mostly that music would come from one person. Like "No Words" from *Band on the Run*. I wrote 90 percent of it, and then Paul came in and helped me finish it. It was actually two songs that I put together into one. We wouldn't ever really sit down and write songs together.

I have to ask about the bagpipes on "Mull of Kintyre," how did you all record that? How many mics did it take? The bagpipes on the beach in the video are so great. The bagpipes were recorded outdoors at the farm Paul had in Scotland. There were mountains all around. It was natural acoustics. I don't remember how many microphones [laughs], that was the engineer's department.

Do you and Paul stay in touch? Once in a while, yeah. We're both doing our own thing, so not that much. I like his band. I know all his guys. Nice people. He does a good job; he's got a great show.

Bear with me for a second. Did you know your name works perfectly with the Beatles' "Penny Lane"? ("Denny Laine is in my ears and in my eyes. There beneath the blue suburban skies.") Sorry, had to do that. Don't be sorry. Nice tune. I can tell you're really feeling that. Not sure Paul and John had me in mind, though. I appreciate the thought.

After you played with Wings, you did like 10 solo albums. What made you walk away from Wings? I wanted to do something more as an individual artist. I'd been in Paul's band for 10 years and I wanted to do my own thing. It wasn't a falling-out or anything like that. I wanted to do all the writing on some of my own albums. It was just something I needed to do.

What's the best way for a band to have longevity? It's a marriage, and a business. With all the egos and issues, musicians need to be psychologists as well. I mean, look at Metallica. If you work hard enough to begin with, I think that's where you start. You make the band a 24-hour job, and you create some success. That's what keeps the band going, because at that point there's a demand for your product. Until there's too much pressure on you and people start leaving. Maybe it's only supposed to last for a certain amount of time.

Like with Wings, what would you do if Paul and Linda were fighting? Or maybe there were times you thought Paul wasn't listening to your input. You know, when egos

"It's what you're

doing as a band

musically that

matters, not what's

going on in your

private lives."

collide and life spills over. How do you dissolve the tension? You don't. You have to let it be. There's not a way to do it or a formula. You just do it. Whatever happens on a daily basis, you deal with. At the end of the day, it's what you're doing as a band musically that matters, not what's going on in your private lives. Some things you just have to

put aside, because if you can't concentrate on the music, you have no chance. So you don't get too involved in all the personal stuff. I think the main ingredient to longevity hinges on whether or not you respect your bandmates as musicians. If they're good at what they do, and you work well together, it's probably best to stay with them. It's all about the music, I think. It's got nothing to do with anything else.

Read the rest of this interview at
THESTRANGER.COM/MUSIC



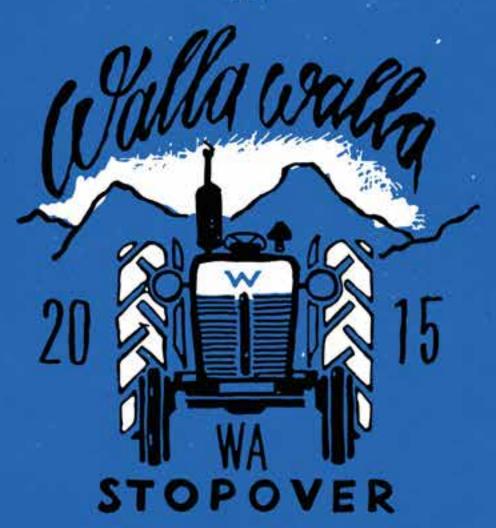




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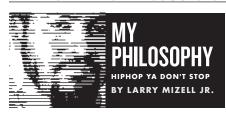
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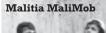


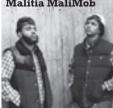


SEATTLE'S MALITIA MALIMOB REPS SOMALIA

A lot of people of my generation first heard of Somalia in the early 1990s, during its civil war. What I didn't know was that Somalia is also known as the Nation of Poets, where being slick with words and nice with language is an honored tradition, intrinsic to the people. Skilled poets hold prestigious roles within the culture, from the royal family on down.

Keeping that tradition alive in a new context is **Malitia MaliMob**, who I'd first heard of in early 2012 on a tip from Tendai Maraire of Shabazz Palaces/Chimurenga Renaissance. He'd come across the videos of this young crew of Seattle-based Somali rappers, clocking thousands of views, but more importantly, the comments from other young Malis, happy to have found rappers whose story they related to. I got to know that story a little better on tour with





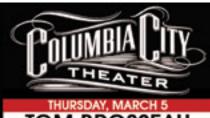
MMM, who were opening shows for Shabazz and THEESatisfaction across the US, getting unexpecting crowds rowdy off their brand of realness.

You can check out MMM at their show at Barboza with Chimurenga Renaissance on Wednesday, March 4.

The main body of MMM—MCs Chino'o and Krown—met in the US after leaving behind the country, and the civil war, they'd always known. Chino'o told me they'd been rescued by men our news outlets call pirates. MMM's first album, 2012's Riots of the Pirates, made a big impression on me for its urgent take on gangsta rap, as seen through the latest iteration of the African diaspora. Their 2013 Idi Amin Project refined their aggressive approach with a heady trap edge and a deeper perspective—not to mention a fiercer delivery, especially in the gravelly no-loveand-no-fucks-given growl of Chino'o.

That voice anchors their newest release, which dropped back in January after a couple of years in the works—recording was complicated by the fact that Krown has been locked up in King County since 2013. Umm, the record is called ISIS. Sooo... why ISIS? No idea—but I know a certain Seattle rapper who once likened himself to Adolf Hitler, and Dipset gave a shout-out to Mohamed Atta. Also, closing track "I Am James Foley (RIP)" leads me to believe that MMM don't sympathize with those statuesmashing dickheads, so let's keep them and me off any lists, okay, Feds?

It is what it is, and MMM's seven-track project is starving, unapologetic, born-to-die street-soldier rap with giant beats, fusing Chief Keef nihilism to M.I.A. globalism, plus some startling moments of clarity, adding up to what might well be the African immigrant Me Against the World. As with 2Pac, sleeping on MMM is sleeping on some of the deepest frustration in our **streets**. Do you sit on FB commenting on scary-ass status updates bemoaning "Somali gangbangers" on Pike Street while ignoring the fact that 300,000 of your neighbors can't send money home anymore because of the war on terror? It's all in the words of ISIS gem "Perception": Come ride wit' us/Come smoke wit' us/Come chill wit' us/'Stead of sitting there, just judging us.



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14 THE HORDE AND THE HAREM

3/15 SUNDRIES

3/16 ROBYN HITCHCOCK

3/19 THE GOOD CO.

3/20 KINGDOM PINE

3/21 PAULA BOGGS BAND

3/25 DILLON STURTEVANT

3/26,27,28 DISNEY AFTER DARK

3/29 III (CHK CHK CHK)

4/1 THE GRAHAMS

4/2,3,4 DISNEY AFTER DARK

4/15 PHILIP SELWAY

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3/4 WEDNESDAY



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3/8 SUNDAY



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3/11 WEDNESDAY



Bambu "Party Worker Live" DJ Phatrick All Ages

3/18 WEDNESDAY



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Fri 3/13 WET CITY ROCKERS



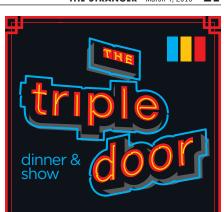
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kt • 3/16 home sweet home • 3/18 kim simmonds and savoy brown • 3/19 - 2° los lobos • 3/22 ewan dobson • 3/23 kristin hersh • 3/24 red baraat • 3/26 iris dement w/ pieta brown • 3/27 & 28 ed kowalcyzk • 3/29 johnny a • 3/31 helio sequence • 4/1 mycle wastman • 4/2 led kaapana and mike kaawa • 4/3 triple threat w/ kimball allen • 4/4 left hand smoke

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• 3/4 fundamental forces • 3/5 first thursday art opening w/ kassandra morrow / industrial revelation • 3/6 peace / pereira duo / freudian slurp • 3/7 shady bottom • 3/8 hwy 99 blues presents • 3/9 crossrhythm sessions

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UP&COMING

Lose your Seuss-shaming rhyme schemes every night this week! For the full music calendar, see page 33 or visit thestranger.com/music

Wednesday 3/4

Caribou. Koreless

(Showbox at the Market) Dan Snaith, formerly Manitoba and now producing under the name Caribou, specializes in that particular brand of Pitchfork-approved dance music that nicely slots in your iPod shuffle somewhere between Toro Y Moi and Panda Bear's latest. It's weird, but not abrasively weird, ambiguously wistful and unerringly pretty. In other words, he plays it a bit safe, which isn't to say the man's not consistently entertaining: He hasn't made a bad track in a decade, and at his best. he proves why he belongs on the top rung of the electronic ladder, with his albums becoming simultaneously more broadly populist and dance-floorappropriate as his career's progressed. Last year's Our Love is his best in a while, a spotless collection of bittersweet synthetic electro charting the universal ups and downs of a committed relationship—a surprisingly mature approach that suits Snaith well. KYLE FLECK See also Data Breaker, page 38.

Kithkin, the Sidekicks, Cayetana, the Exquisites

(Black Lodge) Depending on one's prejudices and preconceptions, a band labeling its musical output as "treepunk" could inspire either eve rolls or excited murmurs (quess which side this critic falls on). One certainly can't argue with the accuracy of the tag: Kithkin have a fondness for tribal drumming and screamo hooks, veering more toward sincerity than snark on the punk-attitude spectrum. And Ohio's Sidekicks are right there with them, though approaching from a more conventional indie-rock angle. Their hot-off-

the-presses new album, Runners in the Nerved World, jangles earnestly and excellently in its alt-'90s throwback way, unconcerned with hipness and all the better for it. It's a pleasantly low-stakes affair filled with sunburst harmonizing and that grungy guitar crunch Seattle always falls for. KYLE FLECK

Chimurenga Renaissance, Malitia MaliMob, Chief Boima

(Barboza) Let's begin with the meaning of the word chimurenga. In Shona, the main language spoken in Zimbabwe, it means insurrection. In the history of Zimbabwe, there have been two chimurengas. The first happened between 1896 and 1897, the second between 1966 and 1979. Both were against the British colonizers. Both were bloody. And both involved an interaction between the real world and the spirit world. These insurrections inspire Tendai Maraire's Seattle-based hiphop group Chimurenga Renais-

Charles Bradley is a blazing performer, sweating it out with the sharpest dance moves this side of the 1970s.

sance. What is expressed in the gorgeously polyphonic neo-chimurenga music produced and performed by Tendai, a master mbira player who is also one half of Shabazz Palaces, is not just a full commitment to the inspiration, the ideals, and the songs of freedom of the second chimurenga, but a call to struggle against



CARIBOU The top rung of the electronic ladder. Wed March 4 at Showbox at the Market.

the forces of imperialism, racism, and Western cultural domination. The war is not over for Tendai. CHARLES MUDEDE See also My Philosophy, page 27.

Mutoid Man, Wild Throne

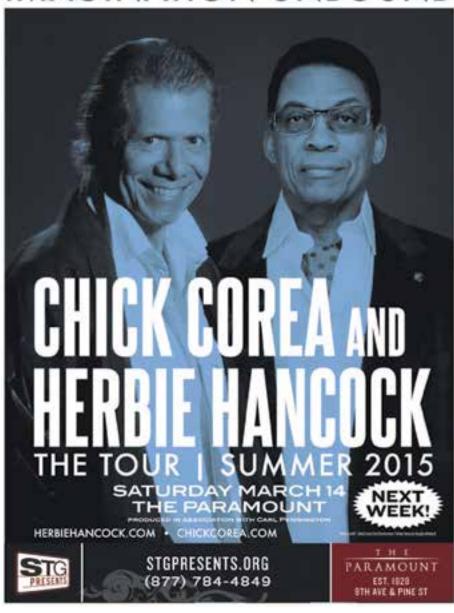
(Sunset) Every heavy-music nerd lost his/her shit when Mutoid Man released Helium Head in 2013. The debut album by this "supergroup"—Cave In's Steve Brodsky on guitar and vocals and Converge's Ben Koller on drums (plus bassist Nick Cageao)—is a $time\hbox{-}signature\hbox{-}warping face\hbox{-}melt of sludgy bottom$ end, explosive drumming, and noodly guitar riffs, a kind of prog-rock-meets-classic-rock-meets-punkrock freak-out. Currently working on a new album with famed producer (and Converge bandmate) Kurt Ballou, Mutoid Man are playing this one-off show in town (with Bellingham's Wild Throne and a "surprise guest") before a gig in New York. Pro tip: Get there early. KATHLEEN RICHARDS

Thursday 3/5

AveM Ray-DIO, Gabriel Teodros, Silas Blak

(Lo-Fi) Los Angelenos Abstract Rude and Myka 9, core members of influential golden-age hiphop collective Freestyle Fellowship, have recently joined forces as the throwback backpacking duo AyeM Ray-DIO. And how does the material on their selftitled, Bandcamp-released album stack up against their celebrated mid-'90s output? By old-school metrics like breath control, mic technique, Seussshaming rhyme schemes, and speed of flow, these guys haven't lost a step. Heads fiending for pre-Gorillaz Del the Funky Homosapien or looking for Project Blowed-style multisyllabic rap could do worse than jams like "KnowNotMentis" or "Weight Gain." The jury's still out on how many of the afore-

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mentioned Kangol-capped heads still exist, but it'll probably be another few months until Busdriver's back in town, so... **KYLE FLECK**

Friday 3/6

Smokey Robinson

(Emerald Queen Casino) See Stranger Suggests, page 15.

PC Worship, Naomi Punk, Chubby Rhapsody

(Black Lodge) Don't let their chug-head riffs and apocalyptically greasy demeanor throw you off: Naomi Punk are a pair of wily punks, indeed. With their occasional proggy tendency toward funky time signatures and an ear for unorthodox melodic maneuvers (check those interludes that sound like inverted carnival music), the boys of NP set themselves apart from the hordes of noise-drenched ne'er-dowells through sheer invention and subversive pop instincts. Television Man, their sophomore album, took everything that made debut The Feeling good and maxed it out: heavier, catchier, and trippy as all hell. PC Worship, a mysterious collective of New York freak-out artists, make the sort of desiccated, mangy no-wave fans of acts like Excepter and Swans should be all too comfortable headbanging to. Dress appropriately: Drink spillage is a given. KYLE FLECK

Ladysmith Black Mambazo

(Neptune) Best known for their contributions to Paul Simon's 1986 album *Graceland*, the South African a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mambazo already had a long career by then, having been founded in the early '60s by a man named Joseph Shabalala. His all-male choir—which has featured many of his relatives over the years and is now led by one of his sons—popularized a Zulu vocal style called isicathamiya, whose call-and-response and richly textured vocal harmonies induce whole-body vibrations. Their performances are engaging, too—with elements of storytelling, synchronized dance (reminiscent of stepping), audience participation, and hambone—and a reminder of what a powerful instrument the human body really is. **KATHLEEN RICHARDS**



LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO Textured vocal harmonies. Fri March 6 at Neptune.

Seminars, Stuporhero, Big Crux

(Skylark) Ever since the heyday of punk (the late 1970s to the early 1980s), slews of imitators have come down the line—some to good result, but most to bad. There has never been a shortage of Ramones or X disciples, and there's not likely to be one anytime soon. But what about Minutemen? Few descendants take cues from that band's wholly original sound, and of those who do, few do the trio any justice. Thank goodness, then, for Big Crux, who have those jutting guitars, buoyant bass lines, and one-minute songs down pat. That's not to say that these guys are too derivative, though. Big Crux have taken what they appreciate about Mike Watt, D. Boon, and George Hurley's sound and added their own wrinkles. **GRANT BRISSEY**

Charles Bradley, Tontons

(Emerald City Trapeze Arts) Since when did Emerald City Trapeze Arts start booking music shows? That's not a complaint—I'll go to any venue (or bar or restaurant or ship) with "trapeze" in the name.

Anyway, in the very best Charles Bradley (and the Menahan Street Band) song, "Stay Away," funk/popsoul/R&B singer Bradley sings that he'd "rather be dead than cool," which is all well and good, but the 66-year-old ex–James Brown impersonator is actually extremely cool. There's no denying he has a hell of a voice—raw and soulful, just a touch hoarse from being able to pull off that scream—but he's also a blazing performer, sweating it out with the sharpest dance moves and outfits this side of the 1970s. Also on the bill: the warm and sultry soul-gaze of Houston, Texas, band Tontons. **EMILY NOKES**

Kindness

(Neumos) Kindness is a one-man British band brainstormed into being by Adam Bainbridge. He makes literate dance music that flits around funk, house, and R&B with understated polish. Kindness's tracks would segue well with those by Hot Chip and Toro y Moi, and his singing is similarly unflamboyant, hovering in the lower registers of Arthur Russell and Vini Reilly. "This Is Not About Us" is a dead

ringer for the sophisticated, laid-back funk of Soul II Soul, and a gently galloping and sincere cover of the Replacements' "Swingin' Party" is a nice surprise. Despite the obvious care put into the songwriting and the richness of the production, something about Kindness's albums—World, You Need a Change of Mind (2012) and Otherness (2014)—indicates that they mainly function as music for models to strut stoically to. If your cheekbones are not visible, you may feel that you have no business listening to Kindness. DAVE SEGAL

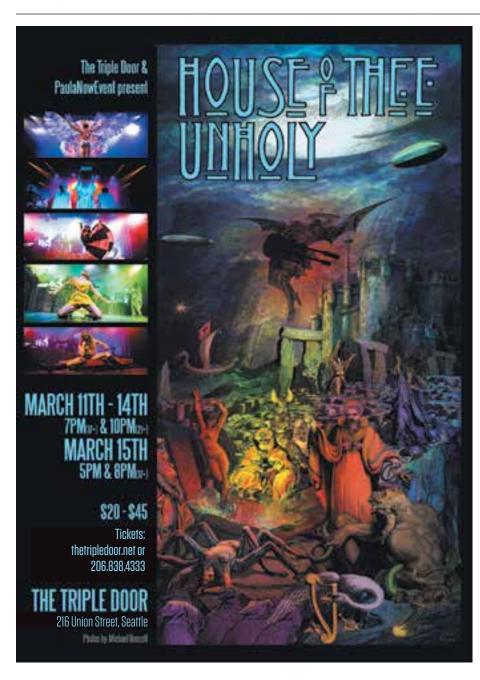
Saturday 3/7

Michael Rault, Globelamp

(Vera) Among those whose record collections include titles from Big Star and Badfinger, Michael Rault deserves a warm reception. Rault hails from Toronto by way of Edmonton, and his debut, Living Davlight, plays as if punk has yet to happen. He inhabits a power-pop world full of tambourines and cheap sunglasses (Redd Kross can be found haunting the same bubblegum-scented space). Sometimes, Rault growls like Marc Bolan; at other times, his voice stretches until it shatters into a million shimmery pieces. If his cover of "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" seems especially rickety in light of X's stellar version, fuzz-pop gems like the Beatlesesque "Suckcess" win the day. Simpatico opener Globelamp draws from good-witch influences like Vashti Bunyan and Stevie Nicks. KATHY FENNESSY

Theophilus London, Father

(Neumos) The song is called "Look at Wrist." The rapper calls himself—presumptuously, perfectly—Father. Hailing from the current hotbed of hiphop creativity (Atlanta) and from the crew at the forefront of said innovation (Awful Records), Father has distilled the past half-decade of vacant-eyed weirdo trap into three simmering minutes of decayed, vacant grime. "Never had to whip a brick, but I get the gist," Father admits, winking at rap culture trading authenticity squabbles for colorful characters and meme-able choruses—to wit, Father's endless, slurred repetitions of the word "wrist." To paraphrase OG rap softy Will Smith: Your parents just







3/6

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PEKING DUK



won't understand. The headliner, a fashion-minded, Kanye-cosigned dance-hop dandy by the name of Theophilus London, has much to learn about swag from this deadbeat Father. **KYLE FLECK**

Magma Fest: Chastity Belt, S, John Atkins

(Cappy's Boxing Gym) This might be Magma Fest's most accessible bill, but don't let that scare you off. Chastity Belt burst onto the scene a couple years ago with a fully formed pop sensibility that slashes with post-punk astringency and glints with chiming guitar textures à la Television and the Feelies. Their debut album, No Regerts, vibrates with guitarist/ vocalist Julia Shapiro's trenchant, witty observations about the ups and downs of being too smart to get enchanted with your surroundings, set to rock songs that ingratiate themselves without being obnoxious about it. Their new album for Hardly Art, *Time to Go* Home, drops in late March, and you'll surely get an earful of it tonight. The beautiful, surging title track betokens interesting things. Formerly in 764-HERO and the Magic Magicians, John Atkins now plays in Sun Breaks with James van Leuven, formerly of Plan B. Their self-titled debut EP bubbles and froths with Animal Collective-like enthusiasm. Sun Breaks' beatsavvy, sunshiny pop tunes hint at the rhythmic complexity and litheness of Ethiopian jazz funk, but who knows what Atkins will do solo. S (aka Jenn Ghetto) is the reigning gueen of melancholy, gently melodious pop. She makes pathos so very relatable, and her touch is feather-light and eminently consoling. **DAVE SEGAL**

In Flames, All That Remains, Wovenwar

(Showbox Sodo) When people tell you they're fans of Swedish metal band In Flames, it's often followed by the words "the old stuff." It's almost unfair, as the band set the bar so incredibly high with three back-to-back classics, *The Jester Race, Whoracle*, and *Colony*. It was almost impossible to continue on with this flawless streak. So instead of retracing their old steps, back in the early 2000s, In Flames shifted sounds dramatically and introduced electronic elements, catchier hooks, cleaner vocals, and simpler riffs—all things that appealed to a much wider mainstream audience,



SWERVEDRIVER Grunge-gaze giants. Sun March 8 at Neumos.

but alienated their once rabid underground-metal diehards. **KEVIN DIERS**

Lozen, Pouch, Besties

(Victory Lounge) It's night of the guitar-drums duos at Victory Lounge. Tacoma's Lozen slug above their weight, pumping out menacing, metallic post-rock with feral artfulness. Seattle's Pouch sound like the majority of Sub Pop's 1991 roster: heavy, hard rock that isn't afraid to craft a melody or shred a larynx. Points for swagger, if not originality. Despite their execrable handle, Portland's Besties make effusive, tropical-scented indie pop that's pretty ambitious, if their 2011 EP Sleep Country is still indicative. But, really, quys—consider a name change. **DAVE SEGAL**

Sunday 3/8

Mood Organ, Beautiful Horse, DJ Veins

(Kremwerk) See Data Breaker, page 38.

Swervedriver, Gateway Drugs

(Neumos) It's the unofficial twentysomethingth anniversary of shoegaze, which brings us reunions en masse (MBV, Slowdive), thankfully including English hard-gazers Swervedriver. More influenced by grunge than many of their spaced-out contemporaries, Swervedriver are the heavy music fan's gateway to the blissed-out subgenre. Armed with the prerequisite heavenly guitar textures, feedback worship, and dreamy-sexy-cool of the genre, the band's distinct every-guy vocals (no deep-inthe-mix cooing here) and surprisingly aggressive riffage set them apart. Though the grunge-gaze giants officially reunited in 2008 and have been intermittently touring since, *I Wasn't Born to Lose You* (out March 3) is their first full-length of new

S (aka Jenn Ghetto) is the reigning queen of melancholy, gently melodious pop.

material since 1998's 99th Dream. While it's not mbv-level rehash, 21st-century Swervedriver sound Clinton-era in a good way: Expect a blistering riff-and-nostalgia storm and all the longhaired paisley feels! **BRITTNIE FULLER** See also Stranger Suggests, page 15.

Monday 3/9

The British Invasion 50th Anniversary Tour

(Benaroya Hall) See preview, page 25.

In the Company of Serpents, UN, Bréag Naofa

(Highline) In the Company of Serpents is such an excellent band name. Just the word "serpent" conjures in my mind images of old Celtic religious iconography. It shows reverence to Ireland's original "serpent faith" prior to Saint Patrick—a man who some believe didn't chase any actual serpents anywhere (Ireland didn't have snakes back then). Rather, he just drove out a bunch of Druids, thus eliminating the pagans and replacing their beliefs with Christianity. Bréag Naofa is a perfectly paired D-beat/doom-metal act, with a similarly excellent name. Pronounced "Bray-G Nay-Fuh." Bréag Naofa is an old Irish saying for "holy lie." On their Facebook page, the band quotes 18th-century philosopher Denis Diderot: "Man will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest." I kinda wish this show were on Saint Patrick's Day proper. **KELLY O**

Tuesday 3/10

BROODS, Mikky Ekko

(Neumos) There's something to be said for outsize ambition at this juncture, and New Zealand's BROODS (brother and sister Caleb and Georgia Nott) have plenty. Enlisting Lorde's producer, Joel Little, to play Svengali for their debut album, Evergreen, the duo has their sights set nakedly on pop domination, and the 10-ton, EDM-flavored choruses to prove it. Unfortunately, if you can't write a decent hook, it doesn't matter how much money you have behind you: Bombast and volume alone can't carry you to superstar status. Unsolicited advice: Quit trying to be the world's next Lorde, and take some songwriting tips from Grimes instead. There's someone who knows how to write a timeless chorus on a shoestring budget. KYLE FLECK







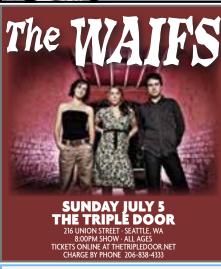




















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RHYTHM

DRUNK OF THE WEEK ... BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA... 35 POSTER OF THE WEEK...37 DATA BREAKER...38

WED

3/4

LIVE

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam ★ BARBOZA Chimurenga Renaissance, 8 pm, \$10

★ ② BLACK LODGE Kithkin. the Sidekicks, Cayentana, the Exquisites, 8:30 pm CROCODILE Fashawn, DJ Exile, SonReal, EarthGang EL CORAZON WYLDSKY. Common Law Cabin

HIGHWAY 99 Drummerboy, Paul Green, Mark Riley O JAZZ ALLEY Lucky
Peterson Quartet, 7:30 pm

KREMWERK Eat the Oranges, New Gods, the Bomb Shelter, 9 pm, \$5 PARAGON Two Buck Chuck O THE ROYAL ROOM Miles

& Karina, Molly O'Brien, Rich Moore, 8 pm, \$12/\$15 **★ ②** SHOWBOX AT THE

MARKET Caribou, Koreless ★ SUNSET TAVERN Mutoid Man, Wild Throne, 8 pm, \$8 TRACTOR TAVERN The Districts, Pine Barons

O VERA PROJECT SALES, Tomten, Red Alder, 7:30 pm

BRASS TACKS Don't Move O SERAFINA Passarim

Bossa Nova Quintet TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Fundamental Forces O THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER Jon Batiste and

Stay Human, 7 pm O TULA'S Smith/Staelens Big Band, 7:30 pm, \$10

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Steve O' Brian Trio, 9 pm, free

DJ

CONOR BYRNE Rainier Soul Sounds: Cameron Elliot, DJ Bekah Zietz, 9 pm, free **CONTOUR** NuDisco CORBU LOUNGE Fade FOUNDATION Substance HAVANA SoulShift NEIGHBOURS Pulse: DJ ent Von, DJ Dirty Bit PONY He's a Rebel: Guests owend, 9 pm, \$8

THURS 3/5 LIVE

BARBOZA Single Mothers, Big Trughk, the Dirty Nil BLUE MOON TAVERN COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Nakayama, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

DRUNK OF THE WEEK

EL CORAZON Nathan Kalish & the Lastcallers, Tim Dunn HIGH DIVE Marmalade, \$6 HIGHLINE Wake the Sun, the Snakebites, Powers, Radioshark, 9:30 pm, \$7 HIGHWAY 99 Brian Lee & the Orbiters, 8 pm, \$7 LITTLE RED HEN

Buckaroosters, 9 pm, \$3 ★ LO-FI Abstract Rude, MYKA9, Gabriel Teodros, Silas Blak

THE MIX Yada Yada Blues Band, free NECTAR Scott Law, Henhouse Prowlers, 8:30 pm, \$10/\$15

NEUMOS Leezy Soprano, Gifted Gab, guests owl n' thistle JP sy, 9 pm, free THE ROYAL ROOM Peter & the Tribe, the Jelly Rollers SEAMONSTER Cephalopod SNOQUALMIE CASINO Craig Wayne Boyd, 8 pm sunset tavern Hey

Rosetta!, Quiet Life **TRACTOR TAVERN** ReBirth Brass Band, 10 pm, \$25 O VERA PROJECT Lakefight,

Tom Nook, Tres Leches

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca O JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, 7:30 pm, \$39.50 O shuga jazz bistro

Chris James Quartet, 7

★ TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Industrial Revelation

O TULA'S Oliver Groenewald Newnet, 7:30 pm, \$10

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGill, 5:30 pm; Michael Owcharuk

DJ

Trio, 9 pm, free

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays BALTIC ROOM DJ Bret Law, \$3

CONTOUR Jaded

★ MERCURY Sex.Wave MOE BAR DJ Mar\$ell. Shan tha Don, 10 pm, free **NEIGHBOURS** Hollaback Thursdays: DJ Bret Law

OHANA Get Right

Q NIGHTCLUB DJ Dan, Gene Lee, 9 pm, \$10 THE RHINO ROOM Get

SAINT JOHN'S BAR AND EATERY Peel Slowly SPECKLED & DRAKE Ice Cold Rollers

THERAPY LOUNGE DUH.: TRINITY Space Thursdays THE WOODS Jobot, PressHa

FRI 3/6 LIVE

ADMIRAL BENBOW 3 Play Ricochet, 9 pm, \$5

BLUE MOON TAVERN The Idle Tyrant, the Lion in Winter, Maklak, Tidelines CHINA HARBOR Orquesta

la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 ★ CHOP SUEY Constant Lovers, Beautiful Mothers,

KA

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Crying Spell, Jeff Angel, Kris Orlowski, Star Anna CONOR BYRNE Hobo Nephews of Uncle Frank, \$8 O CROCODILE Prhyme

Your Old Droog, Grynch & Fearce Vill, Boldy James, 8 pm, \$17 DARRELL'S TAVERN Lucky Machete, Sun Crow, Hundred Loud, 9 pm, \$7

EL CORAZON Mental Rex, Strange Lovers, 9 pm, \$6/\$8; Little Ozzy, Poison'D, Red White & Crue, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

★ EMERALD CITY TRAPEZE ARTS Cha Bradley, Tontons, 8 pm, free ★ EMERALD QUEEN

@ EMMANUEL BIBLE CHURCH Cold Water
Theater, Sister Girlfriend, DON, 8 pm, \$5 **HIGH DIVE** Dark Time Sunshine, Heddie Leonne Simple Steven, guests **HIGHLINE** Mechanismus

Presents 1st Annual Industrial Music Awards: Legion Within, guests, 9 pm NECTAR Jimmy Weeks Project, the Hooky's, Two Story Zori, 8 pm, \$13/\$15

★ ② NEPTUNE THEATRE Ladysmith Black Mambazo

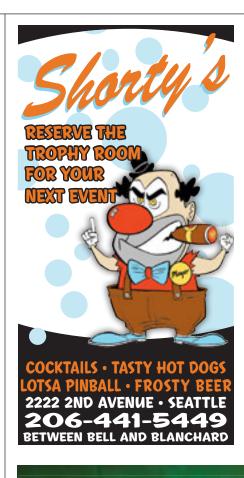
★ **② NEUMOS** Kindness RENDEZVOUS Zebra Hunt, tective Agency, 9 pm THE ROYAL ROOM Electric

SEAMONSTER Live Funk O SHOWBOX AT THE
MARKET The Infamous
Stringdusters, Keller
Williams, 7:30 pm, \$20/\$22

★ SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Seminars, Stuporhero, Big Crux, 9 pm, \$7

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Planet of Giants, the Bog Hoppers, 9 pm, \$6 SUNSET TAVERN Country Lips, the Lonesome Billi Jamie Wyatt, 9 pm, \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN the







ARED LOGA

In 2013, Jared Logan appeared in his own half hour stand-up special on Comedy Central. You can see him every week as a cast member on VH1's Best Week Ever. He's been featured on TBS's The Pete Holmes Show and Comedy Central's The Meltdown. He was a delegate for Comedy Central's Indecision 2012. Check out his web series Don't You Think on YouTube. Jared lives in

New York but is originally from West Virginia. He belongs to one of the few mountain clans who did not handle snakes or make moonshine.

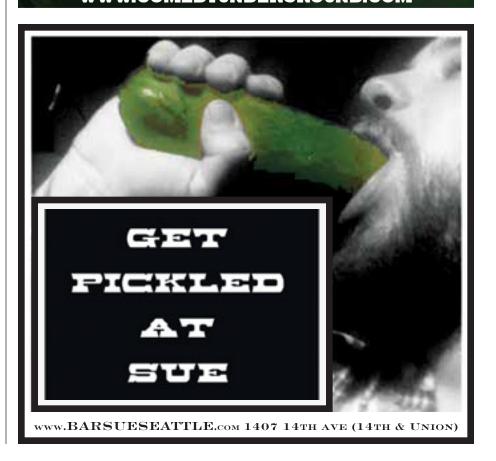
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WHY IS THE EASTER BUNNY GETTING HAMMERED?

ecause of you—because you've dragged her/him out of hibernation a month too early. You think all that candy—those Cadbury Eggs already lining the shelves—is gonna be fresh after sitting around for more than a month? You think anyone wants to think about Easter when we haven't even celebrated Saint Patrick's Day yet? Has anyone thought to ask the Easter Bunny how she/he feels about all this? And what would Jesus do? In any case, we're driving the bunny to drink. And she/he can't even afford top shelf and has to resort to Evan Williams. For shame, KELLY O



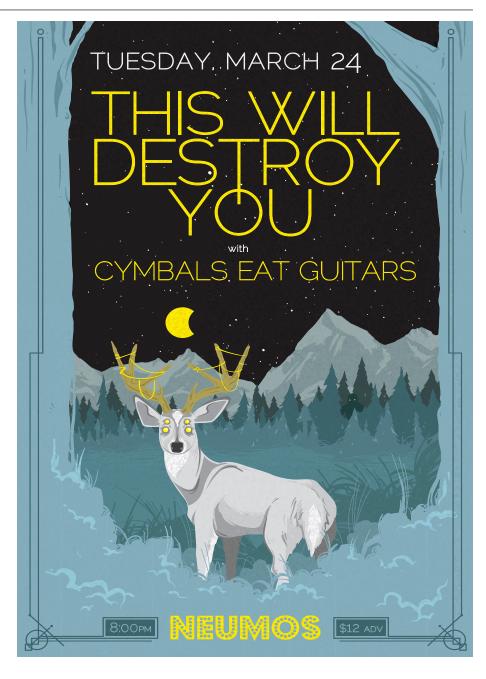


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EVENT LISTINGS AT

WWW.CHOPSUEY.COM





Twilight Sad, guests O VERA PROJECT Kevin ine and the Goddamn Band, Dads, Field Mouse, 7 pm, \$13/\$16

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, 7:30 pm, \$39.50
SERAFINA Tim Kennedy, auests. 9 pm. free

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Freudian Slurp, 9 pm, free **TULA'S** Randy Halberstadt Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Jovino Santo Neto, 8 pm, free

DJ

BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests, 9 pm **BALMAR** 80's/90's Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BARBOZA Just Got Paid: Guests, free CONTOUR Just Can't Get Enough 80s Music Video

Night CORBU LOUNGE Stereo Fridays: Guests **CUFF** DJ Night: Rotating

DJs, 10 pm, free
FOUNDATION Resonate Fridays: Guests

FUEL DJ Headache, guests HAVANA Rotating DJs: DV One, Soul One, Curtis Nostalgia B, Sean Cee, \$5 MAXIM'S Miss TangQ, Reverend Dollars, 9 pm. \$5 MERCURY Gasp: JQ, 9 pm, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays: DJ Richard Dalton, DJ Trent Von PONY Beefcake RUNWAY CAFE The

THERAPY LOUNGE Rapture: Guests, \$3 after 11 pm TRINITY Playday: Guy, VSOP, Tyler and DJ Phase

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Some Enchanted Evening: Rodgers & Hammerstein Celebration

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Seattle Composers' Salon: Ann Cummings, Jeremiah Lawson, Jeremy Shaskus, guests, 8 pm, \$5-\$15 suggested donation

★ O MCCAW HALL Semele O ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH All-Night Vigil: The Esoterics,

SAT 3/7 LIVE

ADMIRAL BENBOW Her Majesty, Jilly Rizzo, 9 pm, \$5 AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben BARBOZA Skates!, Bardot,

8 pm. \$6 BLUE MOON TAVERN the Jesus Rehab, Fruit Juice,

★ ② CAPPY'S Chastity Belt, S, John Atkins COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

The Local Strangers, Vaudeville Etiquette, 8 pm, \$10/\$12 CONOR BYRNE the Foghorns, Soft Blows

son of strangers, guests, 8:30 pm, \$8 DARRELL'S TAVERN Pelvis Radar, the Shakin' Growlers,

O EL CORAZON Falluiah.

9 pm. \$7

Archspire, Lorna Shore, the Zenith Passage, 4 pm; the Dreaming, Die So Fluid, quests, 8:30 pm, \$10/\$12: Eddie Spaghetti, Hartwood, Junkyard Amy Lee, Sioux City Pete, 10 pm, \$10/\$12

★ GALLERY 1412 Bacillus. Halfbird, Andrew Tomasello, Uneasy Chairs, Contact Mike, 8 pm, Donation

HIGH DIVE Citizens & Saints, Ghost Ship, Emera Hymns, Citizen's Video, 9 pm, \$12/\$15

HIGHLINE Toyboat Toyboat Toyboat, Power Skeleton, Le Shat Noir, Ffej, 9:30 pm, \$7 HIGHWAY 99 Robbie Laws Bigger Blues Band, 8 pm MACHINE HOUSE

BREWERY Annie Ford Band, Country Lips, the Crying Shame, guests, 3 pm THE MAPLE BAR Teacher acher, 8 pm, \$6

MOORE THEATRE Seattle Rock Orchestra
Performs Beck: Seattle Rock Orchestra NECTAR Clinton Fearon &

the Boogie Brown Bar Selecta Raiford, 9 pm ★ NEUMOS Theophilus London, Doja Cat, Fathe O THE ROYAL ROOM Richie

★ ② SHOWBOX SODO In Flames, All That Remains SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Bent Not Broken, Nick

Pollock, Owen Wright

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Dry County Drinkers, Merle Jagger, Ganges River Band, 9 pm. \$10

O SOULFOOD COFFEEHOUSE AND FAIR TRADE EMPORIUM Soulfood Open Mic

O SPACE NEEDLE Sunset at

SkyCity: Emily Weston, 6 pm TRACTOR TAVERN Hot Buttered Rum, Weatherside Whiskey, 9 pm, \$15

MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Shady Bottom, 9 pm, free O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Dead Combo. 8 m \$25/\$30

TRIPLE DOOR

O VERA PROJECT Michael Rault, Globelamp guests, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10

★ VICTORY LOUNGE

Lozen, Pouch, Besties

BRASS TACKS Triangular

O JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, 7:30 pm, \$39.50 SEAMONSTER Eric Hullander Jazz, 6 Demon Bag, 10 pm, free

O SERAFINA Sue Nixon Quartet, 9 pm, free
TULA'S Susan Pascal Quintet, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Pornadoes, the Tarantellas, 6 pm, free

DJ

BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays: McClarron, Swel, 10 pm

BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon, guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10

CORBU LOUNGE Juicy: DJ **CUFF** DJ Night: Rotating

O FADO IRISH PUB Fado Saturdays: DJ Doogie, free

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN



SATURDAY 3/7

LOVESICK MERMAIDS, TWO-LEGGED HUMAN PRINCES

Isn't it a relief to get out of the gay clubs sometimes and into the gay theater? Of course it is (stop arguing). We should be especially appreciative of anything and everything we can see at the beloved Rendezvous,

for, as you might be aware, it's soon to be gentrified to death. [Insert hateful screed against Amazon/vulture developers HERE.] Tonight we are brought the tale of Arabela, a seriously lovesick mermaid who bears a striking resemblance to one Princess Ariel, but we're going to ignore that because Disney is one seriously lawvered-up bitch. Arabela rescues a twolegged human prince from drowning, a serious mer-crush develops, and hilarious mer-shenanigans ensue. It's cleverly called Always a Mermaid, Never a Merm (HA!), and it stars Sparkle Leigh and Craig Trolli. Rendezvous, 7 pm, \$15, 21+, March

MONDAY 3/9

BUT WHERE SHOULD ONE WATCH DRAG RACE?

I know everyone is just tying themselves **in knots** wondering where to watch the latest Drag Race, since Logo isn't sponsoring ANY Seattle watching parties this year and the Lobby went teets-up. Jimmy and Arden of Sinfinite Events have risen to the challenge and will be throwing every-Monday live watching parties at 95 Slide, hosted by the wonderful and witchy Kaleena Markos and James Majesty. And what does this RPDR watching party have that the others don't? Well, ME, who shall be in prominent attendance. Join me. won't vou? I hear I put out, 95 Slide, 8 pm, free, 21+.





Bruce Hazen (Guitar), Alan Paisley (Bass), Steve Smith (Drums) ECLECTIC INSTRUMENTAL ROCK COVERS AND ORIGINALS.

The Mix - 6006 12th Ave. S. - Georgetown - Seattle, WA 98108



FRIDAY 3/6 **RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE RETURNS:**

INTRODUCING KANDY HO'

Did you feel that rather bitchy disturbance in the Force? Can you smell the lingering odoure of heavy foundation, way too much Aqua Net, and mad desperation? It can mean only one thing: It has begun! RuPaul's Drag Race! Indeed. Season Who Cares lies as thick and heavy upon us as a roofied Manila Luzon in a K-hole. In celebration of the event, our darling friends at R Place are resurrecting their March Dragness series, featuring a whole mess of messy new queens competing for the crown, whom they are bringing to town, one at a time, to tickle your fancy and delight your drag-starved soul. The series begins properly with a new contender called, descriptively enough, Kandy Ho', who, as far as we can possibly know at this juncture, RuPaul has not yet kicked to the curb. (Sorry, darling, my crystal balls are in the shop and hardly in any shape to be making predictions this early in the game.) Kandy is a raunchy, saucy little puertorriqueña (a chili of a mere 26 years old) known for her sass, her lack of class, and her bounce-a-quarter-off-this ass, and she's the first of the bunch to give us a drag-racey howdy-do. Let's give a big howdy-do right back to her. R Place, 8:30

pm, \$12/\$25 VIP, 21+, March 5-7.







HAVANA Rotating DJs: DV One, Soul One, Curtis, Nostalgia B, Sean Cee, \$5 **MERCURY** Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 MOE BAR CAKE: DJ Mar\$ell, Shan tha Don, 10

NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ Randy Schlager Q NIGHTCLUB The Partysquad, guests, 10 pm, \$10

RUNWAY CAFE DJ David

THERAPY LOUNGE Dance

TRINITY Reload Saturdays: DJ Nug, DJ Kidd, Rise Over Run, guests, \$15/free before 10 pm

THE WOODS Juicebox: Sean Cee, Blueyedsoul

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Some Enchanted Evening: Rodgers & Hammerstein Celebration: UW Choir, guests, 8 pm

★ ② KIRKLAND

PERFORMANCE CENTER
Pictures at an Exhibition:
Lake Washington Symphony Orchestra, \$15-\$30

★ **②** MCCAW HALL Semele O SEATTLE ART MUSEUM Until When: Music of Remembrance, 2 pm, free

O ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL Caritas - Sacred Music by Women: Seattle Pro Musica

O TOWN HALL Musica

SUN 3/8

ADMIRAL BENBOW Benbow Sunday Nitecap AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free BARBOZA 2:54, Honeyblood

BLUE MOON TAVERN Dead Larry and Dr. Steelgude, 9 pm

* CAFE RACER The Racer

O CLUB HOLLYWOOD CASINO the Stacy Jones Band, 4 pm, \$5 donation COLUMBIA CITY THEATER the Shondes, Wojcik, My Parade, 8:30 pm, \$8/\$10

CROCODILE Passport Approved, Buffalo Sunn, These Reigning Days, guests, 7 pm, \$10.77

© EL CORAZON Motionless in White, For Today, guests, 7:30 pm, \$18/\$20

SUGGESTS

ARTS

HIGH DIVE Elephant Runner, TuN, Goldfoot, 8 pm. \$6 HIGHLINE Mutil

Mantar, 9 pm, \$10

KELLS Liam Gallaghe LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests

NECTAR The High Council, Asher Fulero Band, 9 pm, \$7/\$10

O NEPTUNE THEATRE Kidz Bop Live: Kidz Bop, 4 pm, \$20/\$25

★ NEUMOS Swervedriver teway Drugs, 8 pm, \$15 PARAMOUNT THEATRE eltic Thunder, 7:30 pm, \$46.25-\$71.25

RENDEZVOUS Low Cut Connie, Astro Tan, guests, 8 pm

sunset tavern Pete RG, Devin Sinha, Kelsey Sprague, 8 pm, \$8 TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER John Gorka, 7 pm, \$18/\$20 O VARIOUS LOCATIONS Magma Fest: Guests

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions: Guests

DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday Night Jazz Jam: Guests. free

HOPVINE PUB Miss Miller &

O JAZZ ALLEY Norman Brown, Through Mar 8, 7:30 pm, \$39.50

★ THE ROYAL ROOM Isabella Du Graf, Holy

Names Academy Jazz Band

** O TULA'S Jazz Police Big Band, 3 pm, \$5; Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8

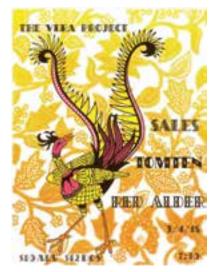
★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free, the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays: DJ Shane, Jade's Pain, 10 pm CONTOUR Broken Grooves: Guests, free CORBU LOUNGE Salsa:

CUFF Disco Vinnie, 5 pm,

POSTER OF THE WEEK



ory Franklin's eye-catching work, which you can see around town at the Broadway Sound Transit construction fence and the Greater Seattle Bureau of Fearless Ideas, among other places, is an interesting blend of animal imagery and intricate, colorful patterns. See more of Tory's work at toryfranklin.com. AARON HUFFMAN

> Sales w/Tomten, Red Alder Wed March 4, Vera Project

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1221 E MADISON WED 3/04 He's a Recell FRI 3/06 BEEFCARE! SAT 3/07 mooseknuckle! SUX 3/08 4174 WORLD'S TIMIEST TRADANCE TUE 3/10 I HATE KARAOKE!



FILM + Q&A ★





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& the Stranger

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IN THEATRES MARCH 6



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Midnight Movie I Mar 6-7
WHAT WE DO IN
THE SHADOWS

UPTOWN

Mads Mikkelsen & Eva Green in THE SALVATION

KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

TWO DAYS, ONE NIGHT

MAPS TO THE STARS

FILM CENTER

nt Raves I Mar 9 A YEAR IN CHAMPAGNE

THE SQUID AND THE WHALE

KINGDOM

One-day film challenge for tee CRASH STUDENT Mar 7 I SIFF Film Center

FIRST DRAFT
Mar 9 | SIFF Film Cent

UPCOMING

Dial M for Murder (3D) t The Birds

THE HIDEOUT DJ Night:

MERCURY Interzone: DJ Coldheart, 9 pm, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis, DJ Polo

PONY TeaDance: DJ El Toro, Freddy King of Pants, 4 pm ★ RE-BAR Flammable

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Some Enchanted Evening: Rodgers & Hammerstein Celebration

O BENAROYA HALL RECITAL HALL Byron
Schenkman and Friends O BRECHEMIN

AUDITORIUM UW Music Students: UW Jazz stude ::30 pm, \$10

O FIRST FREE METHODIST CHURCH Eternity: Orchestra Seattle and the Seattle Chamber Singers, 3 pm

O SEATTLE FIRST Chamber Players, 5 pm, \$10-\$25 METHODIST CHURCH Onyx

MON 3/9 LIVE

88 KEYS Blues On Tap. 8

• AMERICANA Open Mic,

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Jerry

BARBOZA Wolf Alice 8 m, \$19 BENAROYA HALL British

Invasion 50th Annivers Tour: Guests, 7 pm, \$50-

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos 9:30 pm O CROCODILE Carl Barât, 8 pm, \$17

free

★ HIGHLINE In the Company of Serpents, UN, Bréag Naofa, 9 pm, \$8 **KELLS** Liam Gallagher MOLLY MAGUIRES Open Mic: Hosted by Tom Rooney,

NECTAR Mo' Jam Mondays: Norganica Quartet, guests O NEUMOS Doomtree 8

pm, \$17 RENDEZVOUS Native Lights, Wray, Yonder, guests, 8 pm

SEAMONSTER The Halvornaughts, 10 pm, free sunset tavern Ewert and the Two Dragons, Yukon Blonde, Ephrata, 8 pm, \$10 TRIPLE DOOR

USICQUARIUM LOUNGE rossrhythm Sessions

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER A Cedar Suede, Maiah Manser, 7:30 pm, \$12/\$15

JAZZ

⚠ MEANY HALL UW Jazz students, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$15

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Spring Fling: Industrial Revelation, Tim Carey Quartet, Alchymeia, Aslan Rife, \$25/\$30

O TULA'S Dave Marriott Big Band, 7:30 pm, \$5 O UW MEANY THEATRE

udio Jazz Ensemble, odern Band, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$15

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman, DJ Element, 9 pm

r **bar sue** Motown or ★ BAR SUE MOROW... _ Mondays: dj100proof, Supreme La Rock, DJ

Sessions, Blueyedsoul, 10

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry

MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday ★ RE-BAR Collide-O-Scope

CLASSICAL

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Spring Fling: Industrial Revelation, Tim Carey Quartet, Alchymeia, Aslan Rife, \$25/\$30

TUE 3/10 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse O CROCODILE Frnkiero and the Celebration, the Homeless Gospel Choir, 8 pm, \$15

O EL CORAZON Set It Off. Against the Current, guest 7 pm, \$13/\$15; Survay Says!, guests, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10

HIGH DIVE Tom Bennett, Raven Zoe, Norm Bowler, 8 pm, \$6

KELLS Liam Gallaghe O NEUMOS BROODS, Mikky Ekko, 8 pm. \$18 OWL N' THISTLE Jazz with

Eric Verlinde: Eric Verlinde, free PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free

O THE ROYAL ROOM Tristan Gianola Quintet, Trimtab, 8 pm, Suggested donation \$5-\$15

★ SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio, 10 pm, free, the Scotch Tops, 10 pm, free

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE

Kelly Brightwell, Michael Henchman, 7 pm, free SUNSET TAVERN Mannequin

BBQ, Honeybear, Vicious Petals, 8 pm, \$8 TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic

Linda Lee, 8 pm TRACTOR TAVERN L Grace Band, Pico BLVD, 8 pm

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Ann ton Callaway, 7:30 Hampton Ca pm, \$28.50

TULA'S Emerald City Jazz Orchestra, 8 pm, \$5

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests 10 pm

BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Moon Vinyl Revival Tuesdays: DJ Country Mike, A.D.M., guests, 8 pm, free

THE EAGLE Pitstop: DJ Nark HAVANA Word Is Bond: Hoot and Howl, \$3 after

★ LO-FI Stop Biting: Introcut, guests, \$5 MERCURY Die: Black Maru, Major Tom \$5

DJ Lightray

★ WILDROSE Taco Tuesday: Guest DJs

NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up:

CLASSICAL

O BRECHEMIN AUDITORIUM Srivani Jade 7:30 pm, \$5

O IIW MEANY THEATRE Wind Ensemble and Symphonic Band, 7:30 pm

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL



WEDNESDAY 3/4 DANCE TO MATH PHD CARIBOU'S

PRIME NUMBERS In an almost 10-year-old interview I con-

ducted with him in The Stranger, Caribou (aka Canadian math PhD Dan Snaith) said, "I don't consciously try to change things each time, but I make music primarily to challenge myself and if I kept going over the same ground, I wouldn't remain interested for very long. I think that [my particular] melodic sensibility... is what ties the albums together, but in reality that's probably wishful thinking." Snaith has pretty much kept to his word in the ensuing decade. The euphoric psych rock of Up in Flames and the kosmische Autobahn trance-outs of The Milk of Human Kindness are way back in the rearview mirror. The evolution from 2007's Andorra to 2010's Swim to last year's Our Love has been gradual and culminated in a kind of blissful, emotionally resonant dance music that glides in the general vicinity of Hot Chip. !!!. and Junior Boys. Snaith told Trent Moorman in a recent story in these pages that he wanted *Our Love* to be simpler and more direct, but I think Caribou excels when he's generating dense, cyclonic layers of quitars, keyboards, and fev vocals over his club-friendly beats. See Swim for the apotheosis of this style. Whatever the case, Caribou live overflows with transcendent, feel-good vibes. I recall one show during the Milk tour that verged on Boredoms-level magic. With Koreless. Showbox at the Market, 7:30 and 11 pm, \$22-\$27, all ages.

SUNDAY 3/8

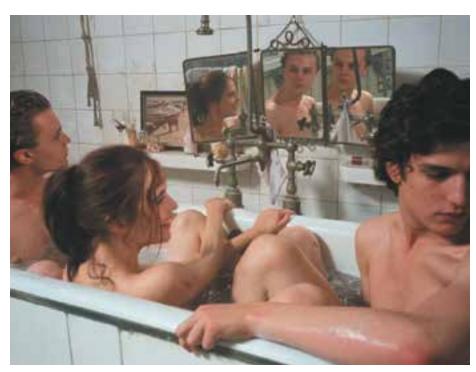
LUST STRENGTH GIVES YOU RHYTHM & BRUISE WITH MOOD ORGAN, NICK **BARTOLETTI, AND OTHERS**

Helmed by Chris Blohm and Nick Bar-

toletti, Lust Strength has been keeping second Sundays at Kremwerk noisy and sinister for a while now. (It's the vin to False Prophet's yang—the latter being another Kremwerk monthly event run by Sharlese and Kate that tilts toward the dark side.) Headlining this edition is Mood Organ, the multifaceted musician Timm Mason. Besides holding down guitar and bass for avant-rock groups Midday Veil and Master Musicians of Bukkake and synth in the TJ Max duo, Mason records and performs meticulous and maleficent synthesizer pieces as Mood Organ. His latest release on MOTOR, the Outer Heaven EP, evokes dungeon-disco and giallo-soundtrack atmospheres that'll appeal to fans of Goblin and Fabio Frizzi. Bartoletti's recent live sets have found him indulging in his nastiest noisemusic proclivities, to devastating and artful effect. (Speaking of art, Bartoletti also provides modular video for Lust Strength.) Blohm is a selector with a keen ear for the malevolent and macabre in electronic music. Come and get your quota of rhythm & bruise. With Beautiful Horse and DJ Veins. Kremwerk, 8

pm. free, 21+,





THE DREAMERS Michael Pitt in a bathtub with Eva Green and a young man playing her brother

My Lust for Eva Green Is So Strong, I Barely Noticed Michael Pitt Wearing Only a Towel

Yes, Movie Star Michael Pitt and I Once Spent a Lot of Time Together in a Hotel Room, and One Day I Worked Up the Nerve to Ask Him About Eva Green

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

spent a week with Michael Pitt in a hotel room. I was one of the writers on a project in which he was to play the lead role. His room, in the Sorrento Hotel, had the kind of size and splendor

The Salvation

dir. Kristian Levring

SIFF Cinema Uptown

that terrified every card in your wallet. One night in this place would plunge any honest-to-God checking account deep into the red. Pitt smoked a lot, paced around the room when he was thinking, survived on steak and raw vegetables, and drank black coffee constantly, and when he looked at you, it was always directly into your eyes. He did not like to waste his words on

someone who was not paying attention. He wanted to make sure you were always there with him, that you were listening, that you

understood. His eyes only freed you when he was certain that you got every single word. I feared daydreaming in his presence.

The director of the project, Robinson Devor, and I would meet Pitt each morning at 6 a.m. and work until 10 p.m. or so. We would go over each scene slowly and methodically and make changes that the star deemed necessary for a strong performance on a limited budget. "Three things you should never have in a script," he said to us one morning, "children, animals, and water." We got rid of a dog. Pitt often worked with nothing more on than a towel around his waist. And

there were moments when, while sitting in a chair between two long windows—one facing downtown, the other Madison Street—his bare skin, which was soft in tone and on the healthy side of pale, glowed in the natural light like a ping-pong ball held against the light of a lamp.

One morning, he urgently called for me

from inside the bathroom. I entered and found him brushing his teeth in front of a huge mirror. He spat the waste of the paste into the sink and, once he was certain

that my eyes had connected with his, began explaining a new idea he had for a scene that involved his character smoking opium in a whorehouse. By this time in our week of writing and rewriting, I had found ways to mentally slip out of the lock of his intense but beautiful eyes and daydream without detection. And so, as he explained his thoughts on how we might use the whorehouse to do something unexpected but related to a corpse that appears in an alley later in the script, I secretly recalled a scene in the first movie I ever saw him in, Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Dreamers*.

The film, which is set in 1968 and concerns a strange love triangle formed by a young American, Matthew (Pitt's character), a young half-French man, Théo (Louis Garrel), and his younger sister, Isabelle (Eva Green), has several interesting bathroom scenes, but none more than the one when the incestuous and naked siblings attempt, while on their knees, to shave the American's pubic hair. Théo has the foam, Isabelle the razor. Matthew explodes—he

has had enough of their weird (sex?) games. He wants to have a normal thing with Isabelle. Matthew is not your standard American prude—he has, after all, a deep interest in French culture,

and, like the siblings, an almost unhealthy obsession with cinema. But Théo and Isabelle's Edenic indifference to nudity, their lack of clear boundaries, and their bizarre closeness goes far beyond his moral and sexual limits.

Isabelle stands up from the bathroom floor and looks at Matthew with eyes that are huge and filled with confusion. Why is he making such a fuss? What's wrong with her and her brother shaving his pubic hair? It sounds like perfect fun... I wanted to recall more of this scene's details (some of which involves Green's body, covered in soap bubbles), but I had to slip back into the lock of Pitt's gaze before he caught the absence of my attention. After a quick scan of my brain's recording of what I had just missed, I reached the real time of the words flowing out of his beautiful mouth.

On the penultimate day of the rewrite, I finally brought up Eva Green. Pitt was sitting on the chair, the sun was setting in one of the windows, and Madison Street, which was three stories below us, was clogged with cars. The Dreamers was Green's first movie. and the first of the many sex scenes in her career—the most outrageous of which is in 300: Rise of an Empire. In a sense—at least a cinematic sense—Pitt deflowered her. ("You are my first love, my first great love," Green says to Pitt in The Dreamers, after fucking him on a couch.) "What is she like in person?" I asked him with a tone that I thought perfectly concealed my fascination with the actress. Pitt, who had heard me

sing nonstop praises for his performance of the Kurt Cobain–like character in Gus Van Sant's *Last Days*, looked at me for a moment and, as if finally realizing that my devotion to him was lower than the one I had for his costar in *The Dreamers*, said with almost cool cruelty: "You and every other man wants to know that." I never brought the matter up again.

My fascination with Green is not, however, as sordid as Pitt's response implied. I

"Three things you

should never have in a

script—children,

animals, and water."

admire her mostly on a cinematic plane. She has a face, and particularly eyes—big green eyes—that can communicate all the needed information about her character's soul or emotional state. One fact

that separates film from theater: Acting is less important than visage. On a stage, which is always distant, a face means comparatively little; on a movie screen, a face is almost everything. Indeed, it is precisely this fact that enabled Green to deliver such a great performance in the new and excellent Danish western *The Salvation* without saying a single word through the entire film.

Some background: The Salvation, which was shot in South Africa but is set in an American frontier town in 1871, is about a Danish settler, Jon (Mads Mikkelsen), whose wife and son are brutally murdered by the brother of a gang leader and, as it turns out, regional banker, Delarue (Jeffrey Dean Morgan). After Jon kills Delarue's brother in cold revenge, the town, which receives protection from the banker's thugs, turns against him. A battle begins between the Danish settler and the banker. Caught in the middle of this is Madelaine (Green), widow of the banker's dead brother. She can't speak because Indians cut out her tongue when she was a little girl. Near the middle of the movie. Madelaine has a tense train scene that is all eyes. They tell us everything she feels inside—her fear, her desperation, and her disgust at the banker. Green's artistic perfection is such that, despite your full engagement with her performance, you completely forget that she is not speaking. You can hear her without words.

Comment on Eva Green's eyes at

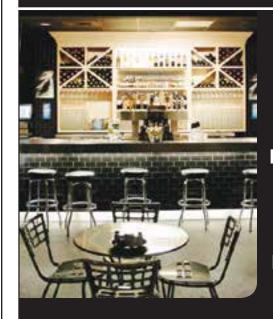
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* L'ECLISSE

See Stranger Suggests, page 15. Seattle Art Museum, Tues March 10 at 7:30 pm.

WILD CANARIES

A Brooklyn couple gets in over their heads in this screwball thriller, which takes cues from Alfred Hitchcock's Rear Window and Woody Allen's Manhattan Murder Mystery. Director Lawrence Michael Levine plays Noah, a 36-year-old whiner who lives with his fiancée, Barri (Anna Kendrick look-alike Sophia Takal, Levine's wife in real life). The bick-

ering duo share an apartment with Barri's best friend, Jean (Arrested Development's fabulously freckled Alia Shawkat). Just as Barri is trying to find work and Noah is worrying about his sperm count, his friend Anthony's mother, Sylvia, drops dead. Anthony (the invaluable Kevin Corrigan), who's been having money problems.

reacts to the loss so strangely that Barri suspects he murdered Sylvia. Noah dismisses the thought, but then, he dismisses almost everything Barri says. That doesn't stop her from conducting an amateur investigation while he drinks, flirts with his sort-of-gay ex-girlfriend Eleanor (Annie Parisse), and plays poker with his landlord, Damien (Jason Ritter), who has an even more volatile relationship with his "psycho bitch" wife. The plot thickens when Anthony starts tailing Damien for some unknown reason. From time to time, Levine juices the intrigue with humor (a dub-intensive score elevates the tension), and that helps to keep things engaging, but man oh man, can these people be exasperating. (KATHY FENNESSY) Northwest Film Forum, Fri-Sun at 8 pm, Mon 1, 3, 8 pm, Tues 8 pm.

NOW PLAYING

FIFTY SHADES OF GREY

Early in the film adaptation of Fifty Shades of Grey,

Anastasia Steele (Dakota Johnson) reminds us that she's about to graduate college with a 4.0 GPA, but she's also incredibly naive. She's never had a boyfriend, she lacks confidence in her looks, and she's a total klutz, which we know because she trips exactly once in the film. Johnson handles the cipher of a role-one of her major character traits is that she bites her lip a lot—with surprising ease.
The movie doesn't waste much time introducing her to Christian Grey (Jamie Dornan, the Irish actor who is so good in *The Fall* but desperately struggling with an American accent here) and his so-called "red room of pain," where he carries out his S&M fantasies. They're an attractive couple, and it's nice to watch attractive people take their clothes off, but the actors lack the kind of spontaneous chemistry that could've turned *Fifty* Shades of Grey into something greater than the book it's adapted from. You have no trouble believing they're sexually attracted to each other, but the kind of attraction

the book calls for—the once-in-a-lifetime gravity—just isn't there. You won't find many people willing to argue that *Fifty Shades of Grey* is a good movie. Many would argue it's not even a successful sexy movie. But you can't argue with someone's state of arousal; if you're turned on by Fifty Shades of Grey, it worked for you. For

many, it will be the cinematic equivalent of eating a whole pint of ice cream by yourself. There are spots in the middle that will make you want to turn back, and by the time you reach the end, you might regret digging into it in the first place. But you probably had a little bit of fun along the way, didn't you? (PAUL CONSTANT) Various locations.

HOT TUB TIME MACHINE 2

Everything that *Hot Tub Time Machine* got right, *Hot Tub Time Machine 2* gets wrong. The problems start with the cast: John Cusack's character, the everyman of the first film, is nowhere to be found. In his place, Adam Scott plays his character's son (yes, it's set in the future this time), and Scott is completely out of his comedic depth here. When he's supposed to come across as some kind of everyman, Scott seems creepy and weird. When he's supposed to sell an insane idea, he comes across as unbelievable. He's lacking any of his Parks and Recreation charm-the nerd who is at



I, CYBERCRIMINAL

Yes, I know I announce a new career path every other week—but this time? It's gonna STICK, panty-holes! Because from now on, you can call me "**Wm.™ Steven Hum**phrey: CYBERCRIMINAL!"

Why a cybercriminal? Well, I've heard a lot of good things about this growing industry, and I want to get in on the ground floor. Number one great thing about being a cybercriminal: You can work from home. Sure, I loved the glamour of being an international jewel thief. But in reality? There's a lot of climbing buildings and avoiding infrared laser security systems.

Number two great thing about being a cybercriminal: I don't even have to own my own computer! I can use the one from work! You have to buy all sorts of things when you're an international iewel thief... such as rope, grappling hooks, circular glass cutters, and French lessons.

Number three great thing about being a cybercriminal: I can stay in my underpants... alllll day. International jewel thieves are constantly changing outfits. trading black ski masks for fancy party tuxedos at a moment's notice. (It should be noted that international jewel thieves get 25 times more booty than underwearwearing cybercriminals... but there's always Tinder, right?)

Anyway, you know it's easy to be a cybercriminal when CBS decides to make a show about it. Debuting this week is CSI: Cyber (CBS, Wed March 4, 10 pm) another genital wart sprouting from the ever-growing CSI franchise. This one stars Patricia Arquette (who just won an Oscar and is probably kicking herself right now

for taking this crappy gig) as well as James Van Der Beek (from Dawson's Creek... let's pause to sing, "I DON'T WANNA WAIT! FOR OUR LIIIIIIVES TO BE OVERRRR!"), and perhaps best of all, Lil' Bow Wow, who now wants to be called by his real name, "Shad Moss." HAHAHAHAHAAAAA!!! RIGHT. No can do, Lil' Bow Wow!

Anyway, Arquette plays cyberpsychologist (!!) Avery Ryan, who leads the FBI's Cyber Crime Division and rubs her chin while saying things like "According to my profile, our suspect is probably only wearing underpants." Helping her is FBI agent Elijah Mundo (played by Van Der Beek), an ex-military hunk who chases down criminals and sporadically sings, "I DON'T WANNA WAIT! FOR OUR LIIIIIIVES TO BE OVERRRR!" Meanwhile, Lil' Bow Wow is reformed hacker Brody Nelson, whose job is to hack the hackers and occasionally (and I'm not making this up) rap for no apparent reason other than he's black. But! In CBS's defense, their primary demographic is Republican grandparents, and this is probably the only rapping they'll hear in their lifetimes.

Of course, don't be at all surprised if the hackers in CSI: Cyber are uniformly portrayed as bad guys while the government people are sweet angels whose poots smell like cinnamon—thereby completely ignoring the gray area of real life represented by Edward Snowden, Julian Assange, and the NSA. Again, we are talking about CBS here—whose job is to make overly simplistic entertainment for Republican grandparents who don't want to be overloaded with too much information. So cut 'em some slack, already! (OH, and speaking of your grandparents, tell them thanks for sending me their bank-account passwords. Sincerely, Wm.™ Steven Humphrey... CYBERCRIMINAL!) ■

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home in his own skin-and he fails to replace it with anything meaningful. This leaves the film rootless, and heartless, and in trouble. The rest of the actors from the original-Craig Robinson, Rob Corddry, and Clark Duke-display none of the goggle-eyed enthusiasm they demonstrated in the first *Hot Tub Time Machine*. They seem to know the material isn't as good, so there's a gimme-the-paycheck vibe to their performances. And Corddry's self-impressed buffoonery grows thin just about 10 minutes into the movie. Unfortunately, he's supposed to be the main character. Embedded as they are between a whole string of tedious exposition dumps, *Hot Tub Time Machine 2*'s jokes are mostly of the gross-out non-sequitur variety. Characters played by Jason Jones and Gillian Jacobs are introduced for seemingly no good reason. There are a lot of dick jokes, and an unfortunate gay-panic moment in the first film is mirrored and stretched into a way-too-long sequence in which two male characters are forced to have virtual sex, resulting in a few uncomfortable rape jokes. Like lots of time-traveling sequels that jump into the future-Back to the Future 2, Terminator: Salvation—Hot Tub Time Machine 2 is a mess of pandering moments. It's a movie that has no free will of its own, a dead-eved robot, staggering from one vague plot point to another in a coldly calculating attempt to entertain. (PAUL CONSTANT) Various locations.

MAPS TO THE STARS

We will all agree, after watching David Cronenberg's Maps to the Stars, that Julianne Moore is the best. Yes, we already hold this truth to be self-evident (and her brand-new best actress Oscar for Still Alice only bolsters this known fact), but it's always delightful to see her in action. And the action is plentiful in Cronenberg's takedown of Hollywood, starring Moore as waning diva Havana Segrand—a self-involved product of Tinselturd who's just as likely to find her Zen poolside as she is to throw her phone into the deep end in a rage-induced hissy fit. Cronenberg, being Cronenberg, doesn't flinch from poking at the visceral, and Moore rises to the task in fine form. This is a film where Moore strips down repeatedly, seduces Robert Pattinson in a limo, gets seemingly molested in a creepy therapy session, and noisily poops on a toilet while bossing around her personal assistant. She chews the scenery, and it suits her to no end. Somehow she remains improbably classy throughout. While Moore's performance is clear as a bell, Maps to the Stars' plot is decidedly less so—it's a convoluted knot that unravels, bit by bit, to reveal the relationships of an expansive cast of characters in Los Angeles. (COURTNEY FERGUSON) Various locations.

* QUEEN AND COUNTRY

In Queen and Country, the veteran British director John Boorman opens at exactly the point his 1987 film Hope and Glory ended: the destruction of a school during the London Blitz. But we soon jump a few years in time to the moment when the hero, Bill Rohan (Callum Turner), is drafted into an army that's now entering the heart of the Cold War. One of the major hot parts of that war, between North Korea and South Korea, forms the background of the film. And one of the best lines in the movie happens when an older soldier explains to young Bill and his best mate Percy (Caleb Landry Jones) how to become an expert skiver (a soldier who works hard to do as little as possible): "Skiving is not a skill acquired overnight... Put it like this. Army training brainwashes you. When you are told to get out of a trench and walk toward a machine gun that's shooting at you, you do it. A skiver will find a reason to stay in the trench. You got to be brave to be that cowardly." But the sections on army life turn out to be far less interesting than the sections concerning Bill's life at his family's home, which is on an island in the Thames. It is here that the film transitions from a comedy to one that is wonderfully charming (skinny-dipping in the moonlight, rowing a boat between island home and city street, tea in the summer garden) and has all of the warmth of mid-century middle-class life. In the end, you may even like Queen and Country more than Hope and Glory, which is saying a lot. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Sundance Cinemas, Fri-Tues. For complete schedule and showtimes, see thestranger.com/film.

* WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

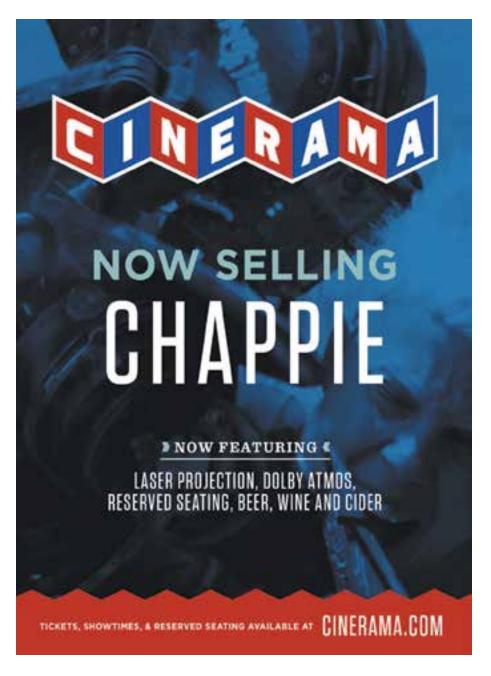
Now that we as a culture have seemingly settled on zombies as our primary monster metaphor, the somewhat ignored genre of vampire movies is busy getting weird. And the weirdness is a wonderful thing to behold. Jim Jarmusch's Only Lovers Left Alive looked at vampirism as a representation of ennui. Iranian director Ana Lily Amirpour's A Girl Walks Home Alone at Night used it as a symbol of feminine empowerment. And now we have What We Do in the Shadows, a New Zealand mockumentary about four vampires renting a flat in Wellington together, and it uses the lens of vampirism to... well, I'm not really sure what it's supposed to mean. But it sure is funny. Cowritten by, costarring, and codirected by Taika Waititi and Flight of the Conchords's Jemaine Clement, Shadows combines the banality of reality television ("I tended to torture when I was in a bad place," Clement's Vladislav deadpans to the camera) with pretty much every vampire trope from the last century of film. Some of the humor is smart, and some of it is pleasantly moronic. (Waititi's naive, innocent vampire, Viago, runs around the house at dusk in the first moments of the film shouting in his bad Transylvanian accent, "Vake up! Vake up, everyone! Avaken! Avakey-vakey!") Though *Shadows* suffers from some aimlessness in its latter half, it's overall a pleasant revisitation of the mockumentary tropes perfected by Christopher Guest. The special effects are surprisingly good for a low-budget New Zealand feature. with char acters flying around, turning into bats, and struggling to slurp blood as it gushes forth from an accidentally damaged aorta. This is funny stuff; you can't wring these kinds of laughs out of a goddamned zombie. (PAUL CONSTANT) Various locations.













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WOMEN SEEKING MEN

JUST A SMALL TOWN GIRL

Aren't we all just looking for recognition of ourselves, in others? Of what we recognize as love, joy, care, respect, intelligence? I want someone who knows how to converse, someone who did not hide their tears when Spock died. umami, 31

NERDY, ORGANIZED, CUTE, HEARTFELT

Looking for someone to do things with and see how it goes. I enjoy reading and watching documentaries, working out, being outside on the nice days. I appreciate honesty and open communication above all else. **CindyD**, 31

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FANCY SCHMANCEY BROADWAY BABY

I'm smart about a lot of things that a lot of people wouldn't consider to be important. I am passionately liberal. I love the Seahawks. I don't drink anymore but you can. I'm awesome - you're awesome Let's do this. **GoodLittleTheif**, 29

CAPABLE, SHY, LOYAL

I am described by my friends as:. Loyal, Somewhat Shy, Thoughtful, Giving, Driven, Talkative,Spiritual, Intellectual yet able to talk to anyone, private and Protective of My Family and Friends.. nmi6712, 47

INSCRUTABLE, DISCERNING, SARCASTIC, WITTY, IMPULSIVE

I want to meet like-minded people for good, stiff drink, a bite, a night of dancing etc...It may lead to sex and maybe it won't. I'm not the love of your life, don't expect me to be that person. Blue_Heron, 46

A PRETTY GIRL WITH BLEMISHES

fun loving and goofy. takes a bit to completely open up. Looking for someone that can pay for their own food and open that can bey in their own mood and open a door without making me duck under their arm. I'll do dishes if you put them away. panduh, 29

FUN. OUTGOING. FOODIE

I'm currently studying here in Seattle. I don't have much friends here. I'm simply looking for a person who's fun, outgoing and Interesting. I like adventures and i like to eat! :) Wanna know more about me? :). **Grace12**, 21

SILLY SWEETIE LOOKING FOR....

Well I am not one who likes to talk about myself, but I am the type that likes social fun, if I sound like the kind of person you want to hang out with, I'm our gal. **Cyn74**, 40

HELLO MEN OF THE INTERNET

hearted person, introverted, but social, busy, working hard, trying new things, enjoying every chance I get to laugh. I like podcasts, books, comedy shows, movies, the ballet, pot-lucking with friends. every morning starts with coffee. new_favorite, 39

42 - FABULOUS AND OPEN

I am recently divorced (by my choice), very accomplished business owner. I am wanting, but not needy, sexy, but not desperate, available, and wanting partnership. Comfortable with me and who I am and looking for some one who is the same. angelsbeck, 42

HELLO DEAR

I would like to meet a serious, clever and intelligent man. A strong man with a strong will with whom I will be able to feel myself weak and at the same time the most beloved, the most desirable, rose12, 29

PETITE FEISTY TENDERHEART

Smart, sassy, sweet & surprising. What do I find most attractive? The man who can render ME speechless. I am stubborn, opinionated & always root for the Underdog. Quality over quantity. I seek truth & beauty in love & life, SweetGal13, 43

COUNTRY GIRL PITT BULL DETERMINA-

Looking for a successful man in the Pacific Northwest who likes the mountain's as much as I do. Want a companion and partner not just a lover. krislvn, 45

FUN SEXY LOVING

I m looking for a single fun guy age from 25-35 for a causal relationship or long term. That loves dogs and has a great personality. **Hunbun1**, 28

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

SERIOUS LOVE PANTHER

Yo, hear it out. Fiery soul, compassion-ate lover, king of the dao, goof wizard, song maker, dance master, present bodied, light laughter, floating on rooftops, sneaking the sneaking, Mekrob da Seacrab, let's have a good jam and be at peace. **Alexandros**, 22

HERE ARE FIVE WORDS. YO.

Bogus. How can I describe how awe-some, bodacious, creative, dashing, ego free, friendly, generous, happy, intelli gent, jovial, kind, loving, moody, natural, gent, jovial, kind, toving, moody, hatural, open, proud, quirky, radical, stupid, talented, unusual, veracious, warm, xcellent(cheating), yummy, zoned I am in 40 words? SureWhyNot, 37

HOPELESS ROMANTIC LOVING SEXY WOMEN

Hello, My name is JC, and enjoy a good movie, time with the person I am with. I enjoy making someone laugh and listening to someone's ideas. I will be extremely loyal, and will expect the same. **HopelessRomantic**, 27

MOSTLY HARMLESS

The first thing you should know is that I am awesome in the "all shall love me and despair" sense of the word. I'm looking for a partner that appreciates interesting things and likes coffee. ValhalaAwaits, 37

LOOKING FOR FUN

I'm a southern 27 year old African American, UW Master's student looking for a friend and if it leads to more great. If race doesn't matter and you're curious or attracted to me in anyway, feel free to reach out. artopenlife, 27

DEF:LUMBER SEXUAL SO I'M TOLD

Small town guy saw the world now needing more. Looking for a fun outgoing active person recently took on less responsibility at work world and I'm looking to spend some time with and enjoy this thing called American dream. Nomad82, 32

Mostly easygoing, fair/open minded. friendly, affectionate, easily pleased by little things, like to joke around and have fun, hardworking when I'm motivated/ interested. Skymark, 23

ARTIST LOOKING FOR A MUSE.

I like yoga and meditation, observing people and nature, creating things, listening to music, and staying active. Just here searching for a funky soul to vibe with mine. UHF, 34

TOTALLY RAWKER LOVE THE CITY!

I do what I want, drink when I want, moke what I want. I work on cars so I get dirty. I love the city a country boy convert. I will sing songs from the m pet movies for months. **FactorV**, 39

WOMEN SEEKING WOMEN

LOOKING FOR LOVELY FRIENDS

I am a little bit wild, a little bit obnox at times, I drink too much, I love too much and I am very open. findares, 36

Hi. I love laughter, hate drama. Im a hippie but shower. Im smart. I want to meet open minding and honest people. NO Drugs (pot is not a drug) and Disease Free. NSA. carpediem00, 31

....pouremou, 31 SEEKING MEN

IIISTADIIDE38

Just a normal guy, successful Permanently under construction as I am always looking for ways to improve myself. Very happy with the fact that I am not perfect. Looking to make friends first and foremost. **ShaunJHB38**, 38

LOOKING FOR QUIRKY, CEREBRAL FUN

seeking partners in crime. open to pretty much everything. mix well with others who frequent multiple social circles. be nice. **geek**, 34

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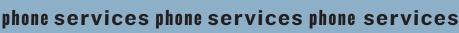




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SAVAGE LOVE

Brief of Hearts BY DAN SAVAGE

wife issues. lack of intimacy. cuckold, etc.

While I typically encourage people to keep their questions brief, it is possible to be too brief, NH. But I've gotten so many questions from wannabe cuckolds with wife issues over

the years that I'm going to hazard a series of guesses and take a shot at advising you...

I'm guessing you're a straight guy and you're interested in cuckolding-the kink where the wife sleeps with other men, and either she tells the husband about her adventures or she "forces" him to watch her with other men. Cuckolding can involve elements of humiliation and/or degradation, and

in some cases includes "forced bi" interactions between the cuckolded husband and the men his wife "cheats" on him with. And I'm also guessing you told the wife about your interest in cuckolding and she wasn't interested and you wound up arguing about it, NH, and now your sex life is in the toilet, aka "lack of intimacy."
So what do you do now? You drop it, NH,

as cuckolding—which is a big ask for the wife (the sexual and emotional risks fall on her) is a kink that both partners have to be equally excited about exploring. If she doesn't want to go there, NH, then you're not going there. Not getting to explore cuckolding—and dropping $\it the\ subject$ —is the price of admission you'll have to pay to revive your sex life.

And if restoring your sex life isn't incentive enough to drop the subject, NH, this Savage Love reader's experience might inspire you to drop it: "My husband, almost exactly 10 years older than me, confessed a cuckold fetish to me shortly before our fifth anniversary," a happily married straight lady wrote (her letter appeared in "Meet the Monogamish," January 4, 2012). "I said no, but a seed was planted: Whenever I would develop a crush on another man, it would occur to me that I could sleep with him if I wanted to." She eventually met someone she wanted to sleep with and went back to her husband—five years later—to ask if he was still interested in cuckolding. He was-and guess what? He's a cuckold now. I had to run an edited version of her letter, so this bit didn't make it into the column, but the only reason this woman wound up exploring cuckolding was because her husband respected her initial "no" and wasn't pressuring her to reconsider. Because she didn't feel like he was miserably unhappy with the status quo—a strictly monogamous status quo—and because she didn't feel like he would blow up if she got cold feet, she felt secure enough to go there.

So shut the fuck up, NH, and you may eventually get what you want.

 ${\it My\ boyfriend\ and\ I}\ {\it have\ been\ together\ three}$ years. We plan to start a family, we are very $happy\ together,\ we\ go\ on\ many\ adventures$ together—all that good stuff. For the past year or so, I feel like I've been losing my sex drive. Not just toward him but in general. I should mention that I'm 30 and he's 25, but our age $gap\ has\ always\ been\ a\ nonissue.\ I\ have\ a\ stress$ ful job and am often too tired to have sex on weeknights, so we've pretty much gone down to having sex once a week. He has said this devastates him. He feels like I'm not attracted to him because he always initiates, and he is worried about our future sex life. I used to deny there was a problem and assure him, "No, we're fine, I'm just tired," etc. But I admit it's a problem. I've had more than a few uncomfortable "maintenance sex" sessions wherein I sex $him\ to\ make\ him\ happy,\ and\ then\ I\ wind\ up$ mad at myself for being a faker and feel resentful toward him for being so horny. I've recently been coming to the conclusion that he's right: It will be bad for our future if our sexual needs

are so different. Yet I don't want to let him go because of this. I love him madly. I'm also a CUDDLE ADDICT. In my fantasy world, we cuddle all the time, we have amazing sex only when we're worked up, and my vibrator takes care of me more often than his cock (this is already the case generally). But I don't view this

 $lack\ of\ sex\ as\ a\ negative\ thing.\ I$ $just\ don't\ make\ sex\ as\ much\ of\ a$ priority as he does. I could see $looking\ the\ other\ way\ if\ he\ needs$ to get his sexual needs met by someone else or with a professional, but it makes me nervous, mostly because I'd be devastated if he fell in love with someone else. I'm not polyamorous, as so many Seattleites are, but I'm $open\hbox{-}minded.$

Sexual Needs Undermining Good Girl's Loving Expectations



Barring a medical issue or a common-sense issue-get your hormone levels checked, try to incorporate your vibrator into the sex you're having with your boyfriend, ponder the possibility that you fall somewhere on the asexual spectrum and perhaps marrying a sexual isn't the greatest idea (particularly if you can't see vourself opening up the relationship)—this sounds like just another average, ordinary case of mismatched libidos. My advice: Break up now, before you have children, before his feelings of rejection (already at devastating levels) and your feelings of resentment (at having to go through the motions) metastasize into an explosive case of mutual loathing.

Thanks for HUMP! I've been in a steady relationship with my boyfriend for five years, and since year two, when we got pregnant despite using a condom, we've had sex maybe five times. Three of those times were in the year after the pregnancy, then once on Valentine's Day last year and again last night after seeing HUMP! We've been in couples counseling for six weeks, and therapy laid a foundation for becoming intimate again. But things have been so awkward for so long that it just seemed impossible. But something clicked for us at HUMP! It's like we $both\ seemed\ to\ realize\ that\ people\ have\ sex\ in\ all$ shapes and sizes and methods and that you can dive in. At a certain point, you just have to dive right in. You have always been a sex-positive force in my life—thanks for the reminder and $bringing \, SF \, some \, excellent \, entertainment!$

SF HUMP!ev

Thanks for the lovely note, SFH, and I'm thrilled HUMP! provided you and your boyfriend with the goose/spark/inspiration you needed to dive back in. But you two did the heavy lifting—getting counseling, hanging in there, keeping those lines of communication and you two deserve the credit, not my silly little porn festival. Now keep diving in! And remember: If fear of pregnancy is a bonerkiller/pussy-parcher, and if more reliable forms of birth control don't work for you, there are plenty of non-PIV options that (1) are tons of fun, (2) count as sex, from mutual masturbation to fantasy play to oral and anal play/sex, and (3) present no risk of pregnancy. So even if you find yourselves gripped by fear again, SFH, keep having sex.

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FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of March 4

ARIES (March 21-April 19): To depict world, medieval mapmakers sometimes word, medieval mapmakers sometimes drew pictures of dragons and sea serpents. Their images conveyed the sense that these territories were uncharted and perhaps risky to explore. There were no actual beasties out there, of course. I think it's possible you're facing a comparable situation. The frontier realm you are wandering through may seem to harbor real dragons, but I'm guessing they are all of the imaginary variety. That's not to say you should entirely let down your guard. Mix some craftiness in with your courage. Beware of your mind playing tricks. may seem to harbor real dragons, but I'm

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Whenever I close my eyes and seek psychic visions of your near future, I see heroic biblical scenes. your near future, I see heroic biblical scenes. Moses is parting the Red Sea. Joseph is interpreting Pharaoh's dream. Jesus is feeding 5,000 people with five loaves of bread and two fish. What's the meaning of my reveries? Well, this psychic stuff is tricky, and I hesitate to draw definitive conclusions. But if I had to guess, I'd speculate that you are ripe to provide a major blessing or perform an unprecedented service for people you care about.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): In a New Yorker cartoon, Tom Gauld outlines "The Four Undramatic Plot Structures": (1) "The hero is confronted by an antagonistic force and ignores it until it goes away." (2) "The protagonist is accused of wrongdoing, but it's not a big thing and soon gets sorted out." (3) "The heroine is faced with a replace but it is not a big thing and soon gets acceding the problem." problem but it's really difficult so she gives problem but it's really difficult so she gives up." (4) "A man wants something. Later, he's not so sure. By suppertime he's forgotten all about it." In my astrological opinion, Gemini, you should dynamically avoid all four of those fates. Now is a time for you to take brave, forceful action as you create dramatic plot twists that serve your. create dramatic plot twists that serve your big dreams.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): "To be happy is to be able to become aware of oneself without fright," said heavyweight German philosopher Walter Benjamin, a fellow Cancerian. I am happy to report that there's a good chance you will soon be blessed with an extraordinary measure of this worry-free an extraordinary measure of this worry-free self-awareness. And when you do—when you are basking in an expanded self-knowledge infused with self-love and self-appreciation—some of your chronic fear will drop away, and you will have at your disposal a very useful variety of happiness.

LEO (July 23–Aug 22): "As you get older the heart sheds its leaves like a tree," said French novelist Gustave Flaubert. "You cannot hold out against certain winds Each day tears away a few more leaves, and then there are the storms that break off several branches at one go. And while nature's greenery grows back again in the spring, that of the heart never grows back."

Do you agree with Flaubert, Leo? I don't. I say that you can live with such resilient in-nocence that your heart's leaves grow back nocence that your nearts leaves grow back after a big wind and become ever more lush and hardy as you age. You can send down such deep, strong roots and stretch your branches toward the sun with such yigor that your heart always has access to the replenishment it needs to flourish. The coming weeks will provide evidence that what I say it true. what I say is true.

VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22): "I will not wait to love as best as I can," says writer Dave Eggers. "We thought we were young and that there would be time to love well some-time in the future. This is a terrible way to think. It is no way to live, to wait to love. That's your keynote for the coming weeks. Virgo. That's your wake-up call and the Virgo. That's your wake-up call and the rose-scented note under your pillow and the message scrawled in lipstick on your bathroom mirror. If there is any part of you that believes love will be better or fuller or more perfect in the future, tell that part of you to shut up and embrace this tender command: Now is the time to love with all of your heart and all of your soul and all

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): I love the song Shine On You Crazy Diamond" by Pink Floyd. Other favorites are Tool's "Third Eye" and Yo La Tengo's "Pass the Hatchet, I Think I'm Goodkind." But all of these tunes have a similar problem. They're more than 10 minutes long. Even before my attention span got shrunk by the internet, listening to them tested my patience. Now I have to forcefully induce a state of preternatural relaxation if I want to hear them all the way through. In the coming days, Libra, don't be like a too-much-of-a-good-thing song Be willing to edit yourself. Observe concise boundaries. Get to the point quickly. (You'll be rewarded for it.)

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Sneaking around isn't necessary, Scorpio. There's no seful power to be gained by hiding info useful power to be gained by hiding infor-mation or pursuing secret agendas. This is not a time when it's essential for you to be a master of manipulation who's 10 steps ahead of everyone else. For now, you are likely to achieve maximum success and enjoy your life the most if you are curious, excitable, and transparent. I invite you to embody the mind-set of a creative, precocious child who has a loving mom

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): In 1953,

of Mount Everest. It took them seven weeks to climb the 29,029-foot peak. In 1960, Jacques Piccard and Don Walsh got into a bathyscaphe and sailed to the lowest point bathyscaphe and saled to the lowest point on the planet, the Mariana Trench at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. It took them four hours and 47 minutes to go down 36,070 feet. Based on my analysis of your astrological omens, I think the operative metaphor for you in the coming weeks should be the deep descent, not the steep ascent. It's time to explore and hang out in the depths rather than the heights.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): The African country of Ivory Coast has two different capital cities. Yamoussoukro is the official capital, while Abidjan is the actual capital, where the main governmental action takes place. I suspect there's a comparable split in your personal realm, Capricorn: a case of mixed dominance. Maybe that's a good thing, maybe it allows for a balance of power between competing interests. Or perhaps it's a bit confusing, causing a split in your attention that hampers you from expressing a unified purpose. Now would be a favorable time to think about how well the division is working for you, and to tinker

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): I've gone on three book tours and done my spoken-word show in scores of bookstores. But one of my favorite author events took place at the Avenue C Laundromat in New York City's East Village. There I performed with two other writers as part of the "Dirty Laundry: Loads of Prose" reading series. It was a boisterous event. All of us authors were extra loose and goofy, and the audience offered a lot of funny, good-natured heckling. The unusual location freed everyone up to have max-imum amusement. I see the coming weeks as a time when you, too, might thrive by doing what you do best in seemingly out-ofcontext situations. If you're not outright invited to do so, I suggest you invite yourself.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): When Arnold Schwarzenegger became governor of California in 2003, the state had the eighth largest economy in the world, right behind tally and just ahead of Brazil. Schwarzenegger had never before held political office. When Cambodian doctor Haing Ngor performed in the film *The Killing Fields*, for which he ultimately won an Oscar, he had no training as an actor. He was a novice Will you try to follow in their footsteps, Pisces? Is it possible you could take on a role for which you have no preparation or seasoning? According to my divinations, the answer is yes. But is it a good idea? That's a more complex issue. Trust your gut.

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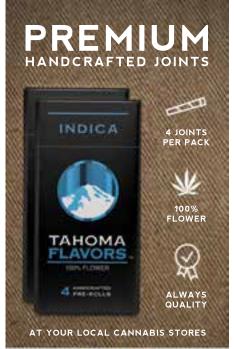
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